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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1904

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HOW LONDON LOOKED AT NOON YESTERDAY.



The above three photographs were taken at noon yesterday during the thick of the great fog which has swamped London for the past few days. The first picture shows one of the powerful torches erected on the Embankment, near Charing Cross, to guide pedestrians and vehicle-drivers through the darkness. The second photograph shows one of the Sphinxes at the base of Cleopatra's Needle as seen by the camera through the dense atmosphere. The third photograph shows what the Hippodrome looked like at noon yesterday.—(Copyright, *Daily Mirror*.)

ROYAL SWAN MASTER, AND CYGNETS FOR THE KING'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.



Mr. Abnett, the King's Swan Master, with the cygnet which was selected and sent to Sandringham for his Majesty's Christmas dinner-table. This magnificent bird weighed 25lb.



One of the royal Swan Master's assistants selecting the young swans. Early last month a number of cygnets were taken from the Thames and housed for the purpose of being fed and prepared for the royal dinner-table.



The royal Swan Master with the cygnet he selected for the Prince of Wales's dinner-table on Christmas Day. The swans are in excellent condition this year, and this bird weighed 24lb.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 5.

IN THE FOG.

How London Battled with the Darkness.

THROES OF TRAFFIC.

Communications Disorganised on Land and Sea.

STRANGE INCIDENTS.

There was another day of fog yesterday—fog thick, yellow, and stifling. It covered the whole of London, stopped traffic, dislocated business, filled the souls of the people with gloom and dampness, and seriously interfered with preparations for Christmas festivities.

And its terrors, as will be seen from the accompanying map, were not confined to London. It extended from Yorkshire and Lancashire to Dorsetshire and from Essex to Wales. Cabmen and pedestrians lost their way. Omnibus conductors took the lamps from the doorways and walked ahead of the horses as pilots.

The linkman was out, and flares were used in the streets. Without them traffic would have lost its way and become inextricably mixed up. The heavy fog stopped commerce on the Thames and delayed trains.

Crossing the street you had the sensations of a flurried Columbus. You were afloat on a mysterious ocean of possibilities. Dim, mountainous masses suddenly resolved themselves into Pickford's vans, in trying to avoid which you almost ran into a small, quantity-shaped rock, which you found was a hansom.

Here and there appeared little moving glimmers of yellow light. They were the candles carried by linkboys, anxious to earn a penny by piloting one across the street. Costermongers, unable to sell their goods, used the flare-lights of their barrows for more ambitious "personally conducted" tours.

STRANGE FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

The fog, like misery, acquainted people with strange fellow-travellers. People formed themselves into small bands for personal safety in creeping along the pavements or crossing the thoroughfares. In one case a wealthy stockbroker whose carriage had failed to meet him, a small girl typist, a clerk, and an old lady with a heap of Christmas parcels all discovered that their way was the same, and set out together behind the same flare-lamp.

At the stations all was wild confusion. "Traffic disorganised" is an absurdly banal phrase to describe the state of affairs. Trams and omnibuses had to feel their way like torpedo-boats making a night attack on Port Arthur.

Down by the docks it was perhaps worse than anywhere. It looked as if nature must have relinquished her ordinary business and gone in for brewing on a gigantic scale. Work was practically at a standstill.

HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

Experts Speak Pessimistically of the Chances of Continued Fog.

The one question people are asking is—How long will the fog last? Unfortunately there is little comfort in the answer.

We are promised calmness and light airs, which means fog, and fog, and more fog. Nothing will liberate us from its thralldom but wind or a decided rise in temperature, neither of which are anticipated. The fog may last over Christmas, and every day the smoke will make it more unpleasant.

WHERE THE SUN SHINES.

The popular idea of November as the month of fogs is erroneous. December is the worst month, and January runs it close.

To those who can leave London there is comfort in the fact that some places—not many—are quite free from fog. The sun shone yesterday and the weather conditions were delightful at many places only a short journey from town, as for instance:—Dover, the Fen towns, Ventnor 7½ hours; Brighton 4½ hours, Hastings over six hours, Folkestone 6½ hours, and Jersey, Holyhead, Aberdeen, Ramsgate, and Torquay four hours.

THE KING IN THE FOG.

The King had an engagement to dine out on Wednesday evening, and, in spite of the thick fog, kept his appointment.

The police made special arrangements to expedite his Majesty's progress. Mounted constables rode in advance and in the rear of the royal carriage, and an inspector with a powerful hand-lamp walked at each side. So difficult was locomotion, however, that his Majesty could only proceed at what was practically a walking pace, but the forward and return journeys were made without mishap.

£500,000 LOST.

Fog Causes Unprecedented Depression in London Trade.

CALAMITY TO SHOPKEEPERS.

A fog like this we are having is bad enough for shopkeepers at any time in the year, but in Christmas week the damage to trade is appalling.

A moderate estimate of the loss to firms in such centres as Oxford-street, Bond-street, Regent-street, and Westbourne-grove would be £500,000.

One large firm estimated its loss on this chance trade at £2,000 a day.

Messrs. Whiteley and Company had 40,000 fewer customers on Wednesday compared with Tuesday, and receipts were down one-half.

During the week the takings at the Queen Victoria-street branch of the Civil Service Stores have fallen off to the extent of £15,000.

Only one-tenth of the usual number of customers attended Messrs. Swan and Edgar's yesterday, and the receipts decreased about one-half. Orders by post, however, showed an increase.

MARKET DEADLOCK.

Fog or no fog, people must eat, and the fruit, poultry and meat markets are doing their best to keep up with the demand.

Sale and orders are as large or larger than ever, but the difficulty of cartage is almost insuperable.

The goods simply stick in the roads in transit.

HOW THE FOG COVERED ENGLAND YESTERDAY.



The lined portion of the above map of England indicate the parts of the country where the great fog prevailed yesterday. The heavy-lined portion shows London and the surrounding districts, where the fog was at its thickest and darkest.

either unable to go ahead through the dense fog or unable to advance owing to slippery mud on the roadway.

The poultry dealers are in doubt whether they will be able to fill their Christmas orders, for late delivery from the railways is the rule, and thousands of foreign turkeys are in the holds of fog-bound vessels in the Channel.

The men at the Smithfield Meat Market are working day and night to get the meat out; a little rest after four in the afternoon is all they get during these few laborious days in Christmas week.

RAILWAYS DISORGANISED.

Railway arrangements have been reduced to chaos, and the time-tables are hollow mockeries. Many trains in the list never started at all yesterday.

The train from Manchester, due at St. Pancras at 3.50 yesterday afternoon, was three hours fifty minutes late. At Waterloo the Southampton afternoon train steamed in just three hours after time. One train took one and three-quarter hours to go from Vauxhall to Richmond, a distance of nine miles.

On the Great Northern, London and North-Western, South-Eastern, and Brighton lines the officials were running trains just as they served, not troubling to keep to time.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Continuing foggy, with frost inland; calms and variable breezes. A bright-up time, 4.52 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth. Fog in places.

DEATH AND DISASTER.

Accidents on Sea and Land Caused by the Fog.

Fatal accidents of all kinds—railway collisions and wrecks—have been caused by the impenetrable darkness prevailing.

No fewer than three people met their deaths by walking into water: John Knowles, a bootmaker, at Manchester; an old man named John Gomersai, at Brighouse, Yorkshire; and Thomas Shaw, a carter, of Overseal, Leicestershire.

A Mr. H. E. Davis, of Clare College, Cambridge, who was riding a motor-cycle, collided with a fruitier's cart, and was killed on the spot. The body awaits an inquest at Gerrard's Cross.

Miss Childs, aged twenty-three years, a teacher at Napier-road Schools, West Ham, was found on the railway line at Stratford last night with both her legs cut off. She died before reaching the hospital.

A fog-signalman was knocked down and killed by a train at New Cross yesterday afternoon.

The body of Mr. Tomlinson Graydon, of Leeds, was yesterday found decapitated on the Midland Railway between Arnsley Station and the Canal signal-box.

At Birmingham an accident occurred yesterday afternoon at New-street Station. A train

PITIALE DISTRESS.

Breakdown of Poor-law System in West Ham

STARVING REFUSED HELP.

More than 150,000 people are in actual want in London.

In Greater London the figures are:—
West Ham and Canning Town, 12,000 families, totalling 50,000
Tottenham 7,500
In London proper the destitute unemployed number
East End and Stepney 14,000
Fulham 2,000
Other districts 4,000

Such are the cold, official figures. Eloquent as they are they give little idea of the bitter, gnawing, soul-destroying distress under which the hunger-stricken unemployed of these poor districts are groaning.

The word "distress" is indeed feeble to describe the position. With many thousands it is a case of actual starvation, slower or quicker. West Ham is one of the poorest boroughs of England, with no rich people in it. With lack of employment at the docks the whole community is threatened with something like pauperism—a large section with absolute destitution. Last week there were over 15,000 more paupers than last year, and the list grows every day.

Indeed, the poor-law system—stony-hearted stepmother at any time—has frankly broken down. The relieving officers have had to refuse help even to people hungering for a crust of dry bread—and that at Christmas-time.

A typical case was cited at yesterday's meeting of the unemployed. A widow, paralysed, with an only son in the Army, was dying of hunger.

HUNDRED PINCHED MEN.

This is not metaphorical, but a plain statement of fact. She had had no food from Sunday to Tuesday. She applied to the relieving officer, and was told to go to the "Widows' Association." "How many of you, too," asked the orator who quoted this case, "have broken your fast today? Those who have had no breakfast hold up their hands."

It was pitiful to see a hundred pinched men, blue with cold and fog, raise their hands.

These were the unfortunates. The lucky ones had managed to get two days' work a week as street-cleaners, at a reward of 7s. 7d., out of which rent had to be paid. It is all very well to speak of those men as improvident and thriftless. Among them are men of excellent character and some life-long abstainers. But their thrift has not saved them from the grim prospect of a Christmas without fire or food.

In West Ham the relief funds ran out a few days ago. It is fortunate that in the blackest hour, with the arrival of the fog stopping all dock work, little money has come in. Not much, but some 400 or so to relieve the most urgent cases.

It is, however, only a drop in the bucket. In Poplar alone 12,382 persons have applied for relief in one week; Edmonton District Council has 1,000 on its unemployed list; in Southwark there are over 1,000 workless.

It is not a matter of surprise that there should be some wild words at the meetings of these unhappy men. An empty stomach is illogical, and for those who are feeling the pangs of hunger there is excuse for ungoverned threats of violence. London at large must come to the rescue of these unfortunate people at this season of peace and goodwill.

FOG SIGNALS.

Omnibuses and cabs in many places invaded the pavements.

One linkman made 5s. in two hours at the top of Sloane-street.

The Tube was the only railway that carried on a complete service.

The number of "plain clothes" men on duty in the streets was trebled.

Huge flarelights were placed by the Westminster Council along the Strand and Whitehall.

In the West Ham and Canning Town districts mounted police were stationed at various points to guide the foot-passengers.

"Fog headache" is the newest human affliction. Tea or coffee are prescribed remedies, and sometimes a little sal volatile is very effective.

Many of the monkeys at the Zoo are suffering from coughs and influenza, but the polar bear and the snow leopard are perfectly happy.

There were two daring robberies at Leeds in the fog. In one case about £150 worth of jewellery was stolen, and in the other nearly £400 worth.

Excluding the factories, it is calculated that on a winter's day 5,000,000 tons of smoke-laden air is flung over London by the chimneys of dwelling houses, offices, hotels, and restaurants.

PRIME MINISTER HAS A COLD.

The weather has proved too much for the Prime Minister, who is at Whittinghame. He is suffering from a cold, and will not venture out of doors for some days.

TOGO'S BOLD MOVE.

Japanese Squadron Steams Out To Meet Rojestvensky.

MORE SUCCESSES.

Besiegers Capture Two Positions Near Pigeon Bay.

A Japanese squadron of two battleships, four cruisers, and twelve destroyers has been sighted off Singapore, steaming westwards.

The news is significant. Togo, it seems, is going to dispute the further passage of the Baltic Fleet somewhere in the Indian Ocean.

At present, it must be remembered, the Russian fleet is divided into three sections. One section, consisting of cruisers and torpedo craft, is now somewhere on the coast of East Africa waiting for the battleships.

These, under the command of the Admiral himself, have but rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and continue to make slow progress.

It is certain that Togo, possessing greater coal facilities, faster and more seaworthy ships, and better-trained crews, will choose his own time and place for striking the initial blow.

As only three destroyers are left at Port Arthur, he has practically the whole Japanese fleet at his disposal. A naval battle may be expected before many days have passed.

Nearing the End.

At Port Arthur the besiegers have gained another important success, capturing two positions near Pigeon Bay. A determined attempt made by the Russians to recapture one of these heights was repulsed with heavy loss.

The weakness of the garrison is revealed by the rapidity with which these successes follow each other, and also by the fact that in the capture of the Keekwan fort the Japanese lost only 400 men.

Kuropatkin has wired to St. Petersburg an incredible report of the capture by the Russians of 200 Metre Hill, and the Japanese guns mounted there. The information was derived from Chinese sources, never too reliable.

Inquiry at the Japanese Embassy revealed the fact that nothing whatever is known there of the reported capture of the fort.

Admiral Rojestvensky has been promoted to the command of the whole Pacific Fleet. This appointment is a blow at Admiral Skrydloff, who, it is said, is accused of indulging in excesses and orgies of dissipation while at Vladivostok.

WHITE TSAR

Will Issue a Manifesto, but Withholds Reform.

According to the "Echo de Paris" a manifesto by the Tsar will, after all, be issued to-day. It is said that its purport will be an announcement of the maintenance of the present system of autocracy without notification.

The president of the zemstvo of the Government of Chemigov, who is also Marshal of the Nobility, on the 19th inst. sent a telegram to the Tsar communicating a petition of the zemstvo regarding a number of questions affecting the State generally.

The official messenger announces, says Reuter, that the Tsar appended the following note to the telegram: "I consider the action of the president presumptuous and tactless. Questions of State administration are no concern of the zemstvos, whose functions and rights are clearly laid down by law."

ROYAL CHRISTMAS.

Sandringham Decorated for Their Majesties' Great Family Reunion.

Yesterday Queen Alexandra, who had vainly waited from the previous afternoon for the fog to lift, left town for the Christmas at Sandringham. This afternoon her Majesty will follow, leaving St. Petersburg shortly after five o'clock.

It is well known that one of her Majesty's chief delights is the Yuletide decoration of her country home. That task she will personally superintend to-day and to-morrow.

Christmas Day will be spent very quietly, the festivities being postponed till Monday. Then the plundering of the huge Christmas-tree, shown in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, will take place, and the Queen's presents to the women and children on the estate will be distributed.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will also spend their Christmas at Sandringham.

BOG STILL MOVING.

"It came down like a hare," said a Cloonsheaven peasant, describing the first sliding of the bog.

The movement is now almost imperceptible, but the people are in a state of constant apprehension. Hundreds at Cloonsheaven have had no sleep since the first movement occurred.

Curious scenes occur at the blocked-up river. Shoals of salmon, trout, and other fish, unable to get away, are swimming about in the shallow water, eluding a large crowd of peasants who are striving to capture them.

PENITENT BOATSWAIN.

"I Was Drunk" Is His Version of the Hull "Bribery" Affair.

Proceedings at the first meeting of the International North Sea Commission, held yesterday in Paris at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, were mainly of a formal character.

After Admiral Kaznakoff had read a list of the delegates, Admiral Fournier was appointed to preside at the selection of a fifth member.

Admiral Baron Spaun, of the Austrian Navy, was selected as fifth member, and the Commission then adjourned until January 9.

With regard to the alleged subornation of witnesses, the boatswain of the *Ava*, mentioned by the Russian agents, Bennett and Walsh, in their account of the affair, was yesterday interviewed by the *Daily Mirror*.

"I was begone when I realised that I had signed such statements," he declared, "because I knew



Mr. Lionel Phillips, who has just been adopted as the Conservative candidate for Paddington. Mr. Phillips was one of the four "Utlanders" sentenced to death by Judge Gregorowski, but subsequently released.—(Elliott and Fry.)

perfectly well that there were no Japanese torpedo-boats with the fleet."

Asked how he came to swear to such a statement, he answered, "I was drunk, or I should not have done such a stupid thing." Mr. Heard, the Russian Consul at Hull, says that several fishermen were brought to him, but only the boatswain referred to made any declaration. When it came to the signing, the others became frightened and refused.

The Consul gave the boatswain £2 as compensation for loss of time, but denied that it was in the nature of a bribe.

SLATE CLUB RESCUE.

Firm of Brewers Refund to Members Half the Missing Funds.

Thanks to the generosity of a firm of brewers, the intense concern caused by the disappearance of a Clapham slate club treasurer has been considerably relieved.

When the members turned up at the Landor public-house this week for the "share-out" they were informed that neither the treasurer nor the £600 could be found.

The vicar of the parish, the Rev. J. B. Sharp, brought the matter to the notice of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., who responded to the appeal by sending £300.

MILE END POLITICS.

Alien Immigration One of the Chief Questions—Views of the Candidates.

There is every indication that the Mile End by-election will turn upon the question of alien immigration.

The Hon. H. L. W. Lawson, the Conservative candidate, believes that the Aliens Bill thrown out in the last session of Parliament was a very fair measure.

He points out that the question is not one of race, and that the people who suffer most from the influx of undesirables are the respectable Jewish population of the East End of London.

He is further of opinion that the great bulk of the Mile End electors are strongly in favour of the old Aliens Bill. It will be remembered that Mr. B. S. Straus, the Radical candidate, when contesting the constituency of St. George's-in-the-East at the 1900 election, declared that "he would do nothing to prevent the immigration of pauper aliens."

Mr. Lawson addressed his first meeting at Beaumont Hall, Stepney, last night, and, in spite of the fog, there was a good attendance of electors.

GALLANT RESCUE.

Father Watches His Son Brave Death to Save a Lady.

The name of the young man who so heroically saved a lady from death at Finsbury Park Station is Harwick, and he resides at Arkell, Muswell-road, Muswell Hill.

He was standing in a crowd on the platform with his father, when a middle-aged lady, named Mrs. Mason, stepped off the edge of the platform and fell across the metals just as the train was running in.

Without a moment's hesitation, and when the engine was but five or six yards away, young Harwick dived down in front of it and, seizing the lady, forced her lengthwise against the side of the platform, where she lay between that and the line.

Then he hastily flung himself headlong into the narrow space—only 2ft. 6in. wide—and lay head to head with the lady.

The screams of terrified people caused the officials to immediately order the train to be pulled up, but the engine and one carriage had passed over the spot where the couple lay before it actually stopped.

In agonised suspense the crowd waited until a porter crawled beneath the train, where, to their delight, the voice of Harwick was heard saying: "We are all right. We are quite clear. You can draw on."

Wild cheers immediately rent the air, and as the train moved on, and the lady with her heroic rescuer were assisted to the platform, practically unhurt, the crowd gave way to an ecstasy of enthusiasm.

Congratulations from officials and strangers showered on the pair, and were extended to the lad's proud father, while the lady, with tears in her eyes, and almost overcome with emotion, expressed her grateful thanks to the brave lad.

To the *Daily Mirror* yesterday Mrs. Mason repeated her praises of Harwick, and said she thought the Royal Humane Society ought to recognise his noble act.

PARIS PERPLEXED.

Dead Man's Father Charges Persons Unknown with Syveton's Murder.

Each day brings fresh complications in the "affaire Syveton," or, as the Parisians prefer to call it, "La mort de M. Syveton."

M. Syveton, the father of the late deputy, has now sent a formal complaint to the Public Prosecutor, charging some person unknown with the murder of his son.

All the statements made concerning the death of my unfortunate son," he writes to the Procureur, "tend to show that he was not the victim of an accident, and that he did not commit suicide."

But it is not about the actual death of M. Syveton or his immediate cause, whether by gas or something else, that the theories cluster thickest. It is rather about the relations which existed between the dead man, his wife, his step-daughter, Mme. Ménard, and her husband.

Mme. Ménard admits a dramatic scene when her mother, concealed behind a curtain, listened to M. Syveton, speaking to his step-daughter. But she explains his suicide by the fact that he was depressed by thought falling in the estimation of the wife he loved, not because he was irrevocably dishonoured and disgraced.

KING OF THE BEGGARS.

Venerable "Happy Jack" Mitcham Takes His Life in a Workhouse.

Weary of life, a very price among mendicants has just hanged himself in Shoreditch Workhouse.

John Mitcham, known as "Happy Jack," appeared to be designed by nature for the solicitation of alms. His appearance was at once venerable and woebegone; his voice, a happy blend of the persuasive and pitiful.

At his death he was little more than sixty years of age, but for many years his statement that he had "just turned ninety-five" obtained ready credence with the charitable.

Once he boasted an extensive round of "clients" at Southgate, who never failed to respond to his appeals, and a fat banking account. But "light come, light go" was true of Happy Jack. He spent freely, and was liberal in his assistance to the less, talented and experienced in "the profession."

He encountered an unexpected rebuff. A keen-eyed constable, noting him "in receipt of custom," hailed him before a bench of magistrates.

And Happy Jack was fined for begging. After that blow he never begged with any zest. Having lost interest in his "profession," he soon retired to Shoreditch Workhouse. His uncongenial surroundings there prompted him to suicide.

At a meeting of the Westminster City Council yesterday, Captain Jessel, who was mayor of the city in the year 1902-3, was presented with an illuminated address and his portrait in oils.

QUICK-WITTED GIRL.

Removes Gunpowder and Saves Two Lives at a Fire.

By the remarkable bravery of a young girl two lives were saved and a terrible explosion averted at a fire early yesterday morning at Blyth.

From some unknown cause the Coopers' Refreshment Rooms on the golf-links suddenly burst into flames.

The fire broke out in the back part of the building, and a retriever dog, which was in the kitchen, roused the household by his furious barking. In the burning building were Mr. John Chandler, his wife, son, two daughters, and a nephew. All except the two boys rushed out of the place at once, clad only in their night attire.

The two boys were sleeping together, but Miss Dora Chandler, aged seventeen, twice made her way to the room, and brought both lads out safely. She then went into the house again and took out a quantity of gunpowder, which she threw into the sea.

Being a long way from any other houses, the family had to remain on the beach half-clad for a long time, and they suffered severely from the cold.

NO REST FOR GIPSIES.

Moved on by the Police from West Ham to Bow Bridge.

Chased from pillar to post by the police, the Macedonian gipsy band have great difficulty in finding resting-places.

On Wednesday night they arrived at West Ham, and took up a position in a yard which an agent of theirs had already hired. The police intended to turn them out, but in consideration of the fact that in the early morning one of their women had given birth to a child they were allowed to stay till yesterday.

At six they were moved on by a force of police some fifteen strong. As soon as they left their yard they turned towards Plaistow, yelling "London, London!" But a dozen policemen formed across the road, while others went to the horses' heads and turned them round.

Emitting angry cries, the gipsies advanced threateningly on the enemy. A woman struck a policeman a resounding smack on the cheek, but the constable kept his temper, and without further hostilities the gipsies sullenly proceeded through Stratford to Bow Bridge.

FROM THE PRISON CELL.

Condemned Man's Pathetic Letters to His Wife Asking for Forgiveness.

Arthur Jeffries, who lies under sentence of death for the murder of a fellow poacher at Rotherham, has written several pathetic letters to his wife.

In one, referring to his family, he says: "Tell 'em to be good children. If I never see 'em on earth I hope we shall meet in heaven. I hope you will forgive me, as I know you will, for my bad behaviour to you when in drink. Go to some place of worship, as you have been used to do when we were young."

In another letter the condemned man says:—"Tell all the children to be good to you, and to do what you tell 'em to do, for I know you will try to rule them the right road. If I had been ruled by you at the time I should not have been here. Ask all to forgive me, and I have forgiven them."

The execution is fixed for to-morrow, but Sir W. H. Holland, M.P., will meanwhile present a largely-signed petition to the Home Secretary asking for a reprieve.

"POISON" IN A BOTTLE.

Lady's Sensational Allegations Not Sustained by the Analyst.

For a week Brentford has been awaiting anxiously the result of the county analyst's investigations in a very extraordinary case.

Seven days ago a young, well-dressed lady, petite, dark, and prepossessing, had stepped into the police court witness-box and calmly sought advice as to how she could prevent her sister from drugging her father and mother with poisons.

To support her sensational allegations the lady produced a bottle, the contents of which, she asserted, included poison. Upon the applicant undertaking to pay the fee the magistrates ordered the food to be analysed.

To the great relief of an anxious Court, Mr. Bevan, the county analyst, yesterday informed the Brentford Justices that he had examined the contents of the mysterious bottle and found nothing the matter.

SALVATIONIST AND STOCKBROKERS.

Mr. "Salvation" Smith, with his tambourine, was busy yesterday on the Stock Exchange, making his annual collection for the Salvation Army.

In the banking section he was, as usual, received with a hail of coppers from the members.

AMAZING MARRIAGES.

Major's Extraordinary Story of Two Wives.

SERIES OF CEREMONIES.

Major Reginald Hope Parkinson, formerly of the Highland Light Infantry, gave in the witness-box of Edinburgh Court of Sessions yesterday his own account of his love affairs.

Two ladies claim him as husband. Both Mrs. Jane Macdonald, once his cook and housekeeper, and Mrs. Emily Grace Elliot have brought actions of declaration of marriage.

The Major is forty years of age, and his first wife died in 1896. His yearly income amounted to £355.

He admitted that he became an affectionate terms with Mrs. Macdonald in 1895, while he first became friendly with Mrs. Elliot at Oban in 1898. In the following year he proposed to Mrs. Elliot, but was refused on account of his relations with Mrs. Macdonald.

In the spring of this year he frequently visited Mrs. Elliot, and in May he suggested a Scottish marriage.

The Major then described to Lord Kincaim, the Judge, how he had put a ring on her finger, and said: "I take you to be my wife," and she said: "I take you to be my husband." He subsequently in his letters signed himself "Your loving husband, Reggie."

Vacillating Between the Two.

Mrs. Elliot, who had £500 a year, had lent him money. They afterwards met in London, and stayed together as man and wife, but later they resided in a hotel at Gallinell Gull Links under their respective names.

On August 18 last a marriage contract was signed, but on the 21st Mrs. Elliot gave him his release. He then made up his mind to marry Jane Macdonald, who had given birth to a child, and went with her to a Mrs. Black's, in Dalkeith-road. After that visit to Mrs. Black's he believed he was married to Mrs. Macdonald.

Pressure, however, was brought to bear on him, and he then went through a religious ceremony with Mrs. Elliot on September 2 last.

In cross-examination the major stated that after his Scottish marriage with Mrs. Elliot in May, and while that lady was in Switzerland she knew he continued to visit Jane Macdonald. On the night of his Scottish marriage with Mrs. Elliot he went home and stayed in the same house with Jane Macdonald, but occupied his own room.

Though Mrs. Elliot objected at first to stay at a London hotel because there had been no religious ceremony, he considered himself—under Scottish marriage law—her husband.

The hearing was adjourned.

ANGELIC ASSISTANT.

Welsh Convert Says He Was Helped in His Work by a Heavenly Visitor.

Fog had no effect on the crowds who gathered in the chapels at Penygrig yesterday to listen to Mr. Evan Roberts' addresses.

At Pontypridd yesterday a man paused in the middle of the street and told in a loud voice how an angel had visited him.

He had been carrying sacks up to a loft and found the work too heavy for him, so he knelt down and prayed, and while he was yet on his knees a young man tall and fair, in shirt sleeves and working clothes, entered and offered to help.

The sacks were then carried up, each taking half, and when the convert went up with the last load expecting to find his helper there, for the ladder was the only approach to the loft, he saw no one, and realised that the young man had not been of earth.

It is now fairly certain that Evan Roberts will go to London after the new year.

IT WILL
COST YOU NOTHING
to read this, and
YOU WILL SAVE MONEY
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ROYAL MOTHER'S ANGUISH.

Divorced Princess's Pathetic Struggle to See Her Children.

Dresden saw the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, the divorced wife of the present King, attempt, yesterday, to carry Christmas presents to her children in Dresden. She was turned away from the Taaschenberg Palace by the police.

The Countess of Montegnoso, as the unhappy mother is now styled, wrote to the King a few days ago, imploring to be allowed to see her children at this season of the year. But his Majesty was away hunting, and the letter was never answered.

Then the Countess took the law into her own hands, and journeyed to Dresden. A harrowing scene took place at the Palace gates.

The heart-broken mother implored the police on guard at the Palace to grant her wish, using every entreaty at her command. She was met with a cold refusal, and conducted to her hotel by a posse of police.

Women threw flowers at the windows of the room occupied by the Countess, and large crowds remained to cheer.

Later, however, under a written order expelling her from Dresden, the Countess left the hotel by a side door, and drove, weeping bitterly, alone and unrecognised, to take the train to Leipzig.

BARRISTER STABBED.

Wife Arrested and Dying Man's Depositions Taken in Hospital.

In the Bolingbroke Hospital, Wandsworth, Mr. Graham Stewart, a barrister, lies in such a serious condition that his dying depositions have been taken. His wife, Henrietta Stewart, is in custody charged with stabbing him with a table-knife.

Mrs. Stewart is alleged to have inflicted the wound in the course of a quarrel which occurred after some friends whom they had been entertaining at their residence in Gorse-road, Wandsworth Common, on Wednesday evening, had left the house.

It is said that while Mr. Stewart was ascending the stairs to his bedroom she stabbed him in the back with a long-bladed knife, the weapon penetrating his lung.

Detective-sergeant Gillan subsequently visited the house, and was met by Mrs. Stewart, who remarked, "Here comes the murderer." She denied using the knife, but the officer produced it, the blade being smeared with blood.

Mrs. Stewart was formally charged before Mr. Denman at the South-Western Court yesterday and remanded.

DEATH-BED PROMISE.

Strange History of Two Women Charged with Shoplifting.

An extraordinary history was given at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday of Rose Griffin, aged thirty-eight years, and her sister Nellie, nine years her junior, who were charged with extensive shoplifting from Swan and Edgar's and other large establishments.

Nellie, it was alleged, covered her sister's movements. When arrested Rose remarked: "I was about to get married, and had been collecting many things."

The case was a painful illustration, said Mr. Elliott for the defence, of a woman with a good position admitting that she was guilty of theft.

In the witness-box Mr. James Brodie, a vinegar brewer, of Leeds, said he bought the girls a house at Balham and maintained them according to a promise he made on their father's deathbed.

Mr. Brodie and Rose's intended husband, said Mr. Elliott, had stood nobly by the side of the prisoner Rose throughout the case, and the matter was inexplicable to them.

In the end Rose was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and Nellie to three months' imprisonment, in the second division.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

Mrs. Anzley, an elderly woman who is suffering from consumption, has sent a set of dinner-table mats of her own workmanship to the Queen as a Christmas present.

In acknowledging the receipt of the mats and an accompanying letter, says the "Jewish Chronicle," Miss Knollys enclosed a money gift "for the pretty mats," as her Majesty is unable to accept presents from anyone with whom she has not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously sent a Christmas donation of £20 in aid of the funds of the Church Army, which are at present greatly strained owing to the work undertaken by the society for the benefit of the unemployed.

The German Crown Prince has given his fiancée, Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg, a magnificent pearl necklace, worth about £1,800.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES**PHOTOS IN THE FOG.**

Some idea of the fog in London may be gained by those who were so fortunate as not to be out in it by the photographs on page 1. It should be remembered that these were taken during intervals of comparative clearness. Photographs taken when it was at its densest could not be made to show anything at all.

THE ROYAL SWANS.

The swan which, with the bear's head, always sent by the Kaiser, will make the proudest dish on the Christmas table at Sandringham weighs 25lb., and is a handsome bird, as may be seen from its portrait on page 1. The Prince of Wales's swan is rather smaller, weighing 21lb. Mr. T. R. Abnett, the King's swan-master, whose office it is to look after the royal swans on the River Thames, is seen in our illustration selecting the bird that has come to such a poor fate.

ALIENS.

The unemployed question does not seem likely to be provided with a satisfactory answer while the import of aliens in such bands as that shown on page 8 continues. Boatloads of similar undesirable are every day coming into the docks.

MME. STOESEL.

Mme. Stoessel, whose portrait will be found on page 8, is the heroine of the great Port Arthur siege. She has throughout been the active and valuable aide-de-camp of her husband, the gallant defender of the fortress. Some time since she attained the honourable distinction of "wounded on service." The gold medal of the League of French Women is to be awarded to her, and 1,000 francs for the wounded of Port Arthur will accompany it.

RUSSIAN "SAILORS."

The sailors who form the personnel of the Baltic Fleet did not very much impress those experts who saw them at work. They failed even in the elementary matter of rowing, as a British officer of high rank took occasion to observe while a portion of the fleet was at Suez. After all it is not to be wondered at, since many of them had not seen a ship until a few weeks before Admiral Rojestvensky began his eventful voyage. On page 8 we give a picture of a boatload of these new-made men-o-war.

THE CENSORS.

He laughs longest who laughs last, and no doubt the two Press censors with General Nogi's Port Arthur army, whose portraits are given on page 9, feel entitled to smile at the complete discomfiture of the war correspondents. With the imperturbable politeness characteristic of their countrymen, Majors Yamaoka and Yamaguchi have faced both the persuasion and bluster of irate correspondents who found themselves muzzled, and have allowed only the minimum of news to be sent over the wires. It is possible to sympathise with the baffled correspondents while congratulating the originators of their troubles on fulfilling a difficult task with admirable tact and thoroughness.

THE COLISEUM.

Since the Coliseum is "positively" to be opened to-morrow, our readers will be able to see for themselves the result of Miss Madge Lessing's rehearsals. She was photographed while at work on the new production, as appears on page 8. But they will not be able to see for themselves the way the revolving stage is worked, so our photo on page 9, which graphically explains the structure of one of the great circular platforms, will be of the greater interest.

YULETIDE PREPARATIONS.

Everybody who can decorate the house with evergreens and mistletoe at Christmas, and it is an article of faith generally that unless there is a turkey on the table the Christmas dinner must be held to be in some measure a failure. This means, of course, that the amount of these things which are needed to supply the requirements of London must be something enormous, but few people realise how tremendous it really is. Such a store of turkeys as that shown on page 9 is only one out of hundreds of its kind, and it merely represents a day's supply for a well-known London store. As for the evergreen stuff for decorations, it comes up by the truckload and trainload from all parts of the country, as well as from abroad. We have photographed a truck on the South-Western Railway by way of a specimen. Christmas-trees, too, are in great demand, from tiny plants a few inches high to woodland monarchs which could not be got into an ordinary house. Christmas may be played out, as cynics love to assert, but it does not look like it.

DR. CHADWICK IMPLICATED.

CLEVELAND, U.S.A., Thursday.—The county grand jury has returned indictments against both Dr. and Mrs. Chadwick on a charge of forging the name of Andrew Carnegie on a \$5,000,000 dollar note. A sheriff will proceed to New York to take into custody Dr. Chadwick, who is now en route from Europe.—Reuter.

GRANTHAM COTTAGES.

Interesting "Finding" of the Chailley Bench of Rural Justices.

The rural justices of Chailley feel the delicacy of their position in passing judgment on so distinguished a defendant as Mr. Justice Grantham. Yesterday the court was crowded to hear their expected decision on the subject of the now famous cottages and Sir William Grantham's non-compliance with the rural council's by-laws.

Instead of a decision the crowd was treated to a "finding" which caused them to buzz with surprise and astonishment. "We find," solemnly announced Mr. Caleb Kemp, the venerable chairman of the Bench, "that Sir William's plans complied with some of the by-laws, but not with others."

A long explanation of the finding followed, strongly reminding of Sir Roger de Coverley's famous dictum, "Much may be said on both sides." "We hope," concluded Mr. Kemp cheerfully,



The Duchess of Norfolk, who is expecting a happy event which, it is hoped, will provide a successor to the premier peer of England.

"that it may not be necessary to give a more definite decision."

Mr. W. Grantham, for Sir William, who was prevented from attending by illness, formally asked for the dismissal of the summonses. To this the chairman replied that if pressed they would give a decision.

Mr. Grantham, in the absence of the defendant, could not say what course would be adopted. Sir William would not be a party to compromise, it might be necessary to apply in the High Court for a mandamus or to appeal to Quarter Sessions. The summonses, he pointed out, were still hanging over defendant's head. It was impossible to argue the matter that day.

The Bench having promised to let Sir William have a copy of the findings, the Court rose.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

The Duchess of Norfolk is shortly expecting a very happy event.

It is well known that there is nothing that could give the premier peer greater happiness than the birth of a child, especially if it were a son and heir.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were married last February. The Duchess is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Herries, who have no son, and as that title descends in the female line the Barony of Herries will eventually become merged in the Dukedom of Norfolk.

The Duke and Duchess are spending Christmas at Arundel Castle.

ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

At the Palace Theatre last night the Christmas programme were put on. It is one of exceptional attractiveness, for in addition to the ordinary clever turns always seen at this theatre the management produced three new sketches.

If you Suffer

from any disease arising from impurities in the blood, such as eczema, scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture
The World-Famed Blood Purifier
"Beware of Imitations."

DIARY OF HUNGER.

Starving Unemployed Trudges Miles
In Search of Work.

A FRUITLESS QUEST.

A luckless worker, one as willing to work as a man can be, is describing in the *Daily Mirror* his miserable and fruitless search for employment. He has already told of a long day's work-hunt, and how, hungry and wearied out, he returned to his lodging with two score repetitions of the words, "No work for you" ringing in his ears. His account goes on:—

I should doubtless have slept late into the next morning, so exhausted was I, had it not been for the hunger pain that awoke me. The fact that I was not to be allowed to return to the humble room that had sheltered me for some months added to the horrors of my going out into that damp, chilly morning. I was a homeless wanderer, as well as a penniless "unemployed."

I walked to London Bridge and joined a group of men who were standing next the entrance to some warehouses, waiting, evidently, to start work.

"Do you think there's a chance for me here?" I said to one of them.

He looked at me pityingly. "What do you want, mate?" he asked.

"Anything I can get?" I said.

"Well, you won't get it," he replied. "If it's work you mean. It's no use your waiting here unless you know the foreman."

Turning my back on him I moved away. "No use. No use," I was muttering. Suddenly I felt someone touch my arm. It was the man I had been talking to. "Here, take this," he said roughly, and he thrust a bit of bread and a scrap of cold bacon into my hand. "I don't fancy my food this morning," he remarked in an abashed sort of way, as if an apology were needed for his weakness in helping a fellow man.

Fifteen Hours' Fast.

I tried to thank him—with my teeth in the bread, for I had not eaten for fifteen hours.

He retreated with the graft remark, "You had better try one of them coal-yards, mate."

So I went down Thames-street, with hope returning to my heart from that little act of kindness, and "tried" Rickett, Smith, and Co., but found that I was too early. I turned up the Minorities, and met a stream of happy mortals hurrying to work. How I envied them! Yet in their thoughtlessness they were grumbling at having to turn out on such a miserable morning—to work!

I followed a party of them back across the river with an idea that they might lead me to work, but I was turned back at a gate, and told to "be off about my business."

This, my miserable business, I began in the thorough-road, where I went into the yard belonging to Day and Martin. Here I was greeted with the inevitable refusal. "No chance, old chap," was my answer.

Persisting, I went to the office entrance, and boldly entered. I found myself confronted by a kindly-looking, elderly gentleman.

"There's no one wanted here, I suppose," I stammered.

The gentleman replied:—"We are not wanting anyone, I am sorry to say. At this time of year it is very difficult to find anyone work."

Note of Sympathy.

I was thankful for that word "sorry." It took half the sting out of the refusal. I was having better luck than on the day before.

I went back to Rickett, Smith's. "It's not a case of putting travellers on but of taking them off," I was told by a clerk.

As I was putting down Rickett's as a place I had "tried" on a piece of paper, an idea struck me. Why not try for envelope addressing? I remembered having been told of a place where out-of-work clerks address envelopes in the Gray's Inn-road. Half an hour's trudge took me there. Ten seconds' conversation told me the old, old story of "slackness, and nothing at present."

During the rest of that day—so my list of failures and was unsuccessful.

Charlton, Sells, Dale, and Co., Euston-road, St. Pancras Station; London Canning Company, York-road; Self-opening Tin Box Company; Rood and Co., feather purifiers; Brown and Co., engineers, Pentonville-road; John Phillips and Sons, sponge merchants, City-road; Nelson and Co.; General Steam Navigation Company, Great Tower-street.

Many Wreathy Miles.

I had tramped miles and miles with nothing to eat since my charity breakfast. I had begun to limp. And I had long given up trying to encourage myself with my "cheer-up" phrase, "I will get work." I was in despair.

I had no den of my own to go to, to sleep on my misery, as I had the night before.

The casual ward, Trafalgar-square, or—the river? The river looked very cold. I don't think I seriously thought of it, to do myself justice. The casual ward? Oh, no, not the casual ward yet! I chose Trafalgar-square.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Rev. John M. Bacon, the well-known aeronaut, is ill at his residence at Cold Ash, near Newbury.

Among five motorists who were together fined £50 yesterday at Brentford was the Hon. Cyril Ward.

Under the will of Mr. John Hamilton, of Motherwell, Lanarkshire, £50,000 will eventually go to Glasgow Art Gallery for oil paintings.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

At Cardiff is an innkeeper by name of Porter, who has just engaged a servant girl named Stout. The fact that his barmaid's surname is Water may be taken as a sign of his willingness to serve teetotal drinks on the premises.

VETERINARY VOLUNTEERS.

Colonel Henry Thomson, Director-General of the Army Veterinary Department, states that a corps of Veterinary Volunteers will be formed for service with the Imperial Yeomanry.

The project has been now under the consideration of the authorities for some time.

DOUBTFUL PROPHECY.

When a gipsy with a glass ball told the fortune of a Bolton woman, she confidently looked forward to many years of good luck.

But the next day brought her husband to the police court, where he was fined for beating her, as he did not believe in gipsies' prophecies. The woman herself is now sceptical.

BELFAST TO LEAD.

Already the largest shipbuilding yard in the world, the Queen's Island, Belfast, is to be still further extended.

The firm is to be reconstructed with Lord Iveagh and Mr. J. Bruce Ismay as partners, and two vessels, larger than any yet built, will be laid down on the new stocks.

CIRCUS AS CHURCH.

Commencing with the first Sunday in January, the Wesleyans will hold services on the Sundays throughout the year in Hengler's Circus.

Nonconformists have been holding such services in theatres for years past, but this is the first time a circus has been turned into a place of worship.

WRONG WAY TO IRELAND.

Found on a kitchen roof at Chester, an Irish farm labourer named Martin Towey said he was on his way to Ireland.

In this statement he was incorrect, as he is now in Knutsford Prison for seven days on a charge of being on enclosed premises.

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

A jurymen excused himself from attending an inquest at Westminster yesterday on the ground that one of his servants had been summoned at the same time.

Coroner Troutbeck declined to entertain the excuse, and said a man must not consider it against his dignity to serve on a jury with his own servant.

DOCTOR'S CHILDREN BAREFOOT.

On hygienic grounds a Gloucester doctor advocates going barefoot, or at the most wearing sandals.

As an object-lesson in this example of hardihood, his own children are going bootless to school and arousing the outspoken sympathy of philanthropists.

DESTRUCTION OF SEA-BIRDS.

Attention has lately been called to the wanton destruction of sea-birds and eggs on the Bass Rock by boating parties in the summer.

The Haddingtonshire County Council is considering the question of their protection, and it has been suggested that the close time for the birds should be extended, while measures should be taken to protect the eggs.

TO FIGHT NOVEL READING.

In Shoreditch a scheme has been drawn up for a room in the public library to be set apart each evening for children.

A committee, consisting of teachers and managers, will direct the reading of the children, and teach them the love of a really good book. The idea comes from Chicago, and has received the imprimatur of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

TWEED'S SHOALS OF SALMON.

All doubt is now removed of the prospect of next year's Scottish salmon fishery.

Recent rains have caused a welcome rise on all the rivers, and large quantities of fish have successfully passed to the higher waters.

On the Tweed at Melrose the shoals have been so thick that 30lb. fish could be touched from the bank with an ordinary walking-stick.

WALTIZING LEAGUE CUP.

Waltzing is now taking the place of football in East Lancashire as the ruling craze.

A new league has been formed with a marked-out floor, timekeepers, linesmen, referees, and "off-side" rules complete.

The first game has been won by Burnley by 10-4 points from Nelson, and already there are offers to buy likely performers to strengthen rival teams.

Sir George Newnes has purchased the "Cambria Daily Leader," a Swansea paper.

Claiming to be 113 years old Mrs. Annie Staunton, of Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, enjoys excellent health.

For neglecting to remedy sanitary defects the National Model Dwellings Company have been fined £75 15s. and costs at Southwark.

For many months chapel clerk at Eton College, John William Mitchell has been bound over for attempted suicide with a razor.

"PART OF THE FUN."

A defendant, against whom judgment had been given at Derby County Court, asked Judge Lindley to let him off the costs.

"Oh, no," said his honour, "you must pay the costs; that's part of the fun for not paying your debts and coming to court."

OUT OF PRISON TO SLEEP.

There have been many plausible reasons given when making application for the release of convict prisoners, but at Manchester a man named Burton now enjoys his liberty for the most remarkable of all.

It was set forth that while in prison he suffered from insomnia.

FIRST ATLANTIC TURBINE.

The first turbine liner for Atlantic service has been launched on the Clyde.

Christened the Virginian, and built for the Allm line, the new steamer, which is 12,000 tons, has accommodation for 1,300 passengers, and has 1,500,000 small brass blades in her turbines.

ABOUT CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

The ubiquitous Christmas cracker seems to have been imported from France in the early Victorian period.

The first writer of note to allude to it is Albert Smith, in his "Adventures of Mr. Leblanc," published in 1844, thus:—"They paid compliments, and said clever things, and pulled crackers."

MAILBAG MYSTERY.

Recently a full mailbag was found floating serenely down the River Liffy.

Investigation as to how it came there, how long it was in the water, and whether the mails were American, English, or Irish has proved unsuccessful. The Post Office maintain an attitude of official reticence.

AN ISMAY MEMORIAL.

The late Mr. T. H. Ismay, founder of the White Star Line, was so great a benefactor to Liverpool that some surprise has been felt that no public monument has yet been raised to his memory.

To repair this omission a number of prominent Liverpool men have associated themselves with a scheme for erecting an appropriate memorial.

CHRISTMASTIDE PANSIES.

"There is pansies, that's for thoughts," says poor, mad Ophelia. In Shakespeare's time the pansy in flower was associated with the month of May.

Now we have pretty flowers of the viola tribe, brought from the Scilly Islands, being sold in the streets at Christmas-time.

MOTOR-VAN STOWAWAY.

Pathetic ballads on the hardships of the stow-away must be purged of sea phrases if the term is to come into general use for destitute lads found on motor trollies.

At Westminster yesterday a lad found at Piccolo among the barrels on a brewer's van, having voyaged from Greenwich half-perished with cold, was sent to a remand home.

WHAT AN OPEN TAP WASTES.

To keep over a hundred bait gudgeons alive in a small tub John Goldstraw, a Longton grocer, has been accustomed to place them under an open water-tap.

The Staffordshire Waterworks officials estimate he has thus been wasting a million gallons of water a year, and the magistrates have imposed a fine of £4 7s.

BUILDING A MODEL CITY.

At the Garden City, Letchworth, the greater part of the roads are approaching completion. One firm has already started the manufacture of asphalt, and three other firms are arranging to erect their works immediately.

Their employees, together with the inhabitants already established, are expected to form a population of at least 1,000 within the next year.

"HOTELLING" A MANSION.

Wealthy people who hire large country houses for shooting or hunting frequently find a difficulty and a trouble in assuming charge of a big establishment.

The latest innovation is for a firm of caterers to take this responsibility for a fixed price. By thus "hotelling" a country house all the hostess has to do is to issue orders, whether for a meal or a motor-car.

DRURY LANE MIMES.

Weird Pen-picture of "The White Cat"
Christmas Rehearsals.

THE MAGICAL BATON.

"We must try that again, if you please." The voice is resigned, but firm, and a band of weary young women rearrange themselves to go through once more the complex evolutions that have as yet failed to please the critical eye that is watching them.

The scene is the vast stage of Drury Lane Theatre, a place of dim lights and vast shadows, made more vague and ghostly by the curling wreaths of fog that have found their way in from the density outside. The unlit auditorium yawns like the mouth of some vast cavern of darkness on one hand, and above the "flies" suggest other unfathomable mysteries. The stage, that looks so gay and splendid in the opulence of thousands of lights, and the brightness of gorgeous scenery and beautiful dresses on the evening of Boxing Day, is a ghostly place full of misty shades and penetrated by icy draughts.

But the rehearsing of "The White Cat" is in full swing—not the dignified rehearsal in full dress that is in effect a trial performance, but the hard, uninspiring work that has to be gone through to make final success possible.

Mr. Collins, able successor of his old chief, Sir Augustus Harris, is everywhere, doing everything. He is the final court of appeal to whom the scene-painter applies for settlement of a practical detail in the construction of an effect, while the customer waits his decision on some apparently unimportant item of a dress.

Two minutes afterwards he is making an alteration in the book, simultaneously discussing with Mr. "Jimmy" Glover the advisability of a modification here and there in the musical score. In less time than it takes to tell of it all these matters are settled. The scene-painter, after a couple of days at work again, the effect of the new dialogue is being tried in practice, and Mr. Glover, his eyes fixed as firmly as ever in his eye, has returned to his crochets and quivers.

Strenuous activity everywhere—one would say feverish activity but for the fact that everyone is strangely calm. From the chief to the lowest of his subordinate everyone has learnt the secret of working "under forced draught."

"One, Two! One, Two!"

But the work never flags. From a clear space towards the front of the stage the ballet-master's "One, two! One, two!" only ceases when he changes his note to "Once more, ladies, if you please!" Constant upheavings of heavy pieces of scenery make themselves more audible than visible from the chaos at the back of the stage.

From the flies huge painted cloths descend and ascend mysteriously, as, it would seem, of their own volition. In hidden corners groups of principals rehearse comic business in ones and twos. They are, of course, dressed in mufti, and their quaint antics under such conditions make one suspect their sanity.

The scene affects the mind of the onlooker curiously. After a little while it becomes unreal and dreamlike. The figures that flit here and there in shadow to shadow across the stage of light look more and more unreal, and the human activity of the place seems but the fermentation of a dream.

Moving in more confined spaces among the piled-up scenery one is apt to come suddenly across the hideous, grinning features of a property monster or the columns and capitals of some inconceivable piece of architecture. It becomes a nightmare, and the eternal "One, Two! One, Two!" from the front of the stage begins to beat upon one's brain.

It is only by an effort that touch is regained with reality. Then it is the tired faces of the girls who have been rehearsing for hours that fixes the attention. They form a motley group curiously clad in a vain attempt to defy the draughts without destroying their power of movement. How does the "One, two!" sound to them?

From being grotesque it becomes a little painful, and the observer prefers to depart, and as he goes he hears that most ominous of all requests, "Once more, ladies, if you please."

SUBMARINE CRUISES.

Clever Invention by Which the Public May
Make Trips Under Water.

Next year anybody will be able, on payment of a small fee, to experience the delights and novelty of a trip in a submarine without any of the dangers.

A clever invention, the property of a new company, called the Submarine Entertainments Syndicate, will be in operation at the coming Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court.

The public will be admitted to a real submarine in real water stocked with real fishes.

Through the portholes they will see a marvellous moving panorama of submarine scenery, with characteristic changes for different depths.

Sunken vessels, coral reefs, sea anemones, and octopi will pass before the vision, and the portholes at the stern of the ship will reveal the screws of the submarine, churning up the azure depths.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1904.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

MARK TAPLEY was a man who could be festive under any circumstances. But even Mark Tapley would have found it a little hard to keep as cheerful as one ought to be at Christmas-time if he had had to grope his way about in such a fog as has brooded over London for the last two or three days.

Losing one's way would be rather a joke if that were all. But that is merely an incident. It is the effect of the thick, smoke-poisoned atmosphere on the lungs, on the brain, on the eyes, on the temper that really makes us dread and detest the Fog Fiend; You cannot breathe properly, or see clearly, or think coherently. You experience all the sensations of being slowly but surely done to death in a particularly unpleasant way.

To feel "Christmassy" in such weather is very difficult. "Why should one feel 'Christmassy'?" asks a thin voice in sour accents of irritability. "Why should we choose this season of the year for giving presents and doing good to our poorer fellow-creatures, and exchanging greetings with far-off friends? What is the sense of expecting everyone to be cheerful to order during a certain week in the gloomiest of all the months?"

These questions are always asked by a number of disgruntled people as Christmas approaches. If they were people who all the year round were charitable and friendly and generous there might be something worth attending to in their querulous grievance. But, as a matter of fact, they are always people who dislike (or pretend to dislike) giving at any time, who never feel (or admit they feel) impulses to make merry or to gladden the hearts of their friends.

They resent the Christmas spirit just because they are (or like to be thought) constitutionally averse to open-heartedness and gaiety. Fortunately, there are not enough of such kill-joys to spoil the pleasure of the rest of us. If you should come across any of them, tell them that it is a healthy instinct of human nature to set apart certain seasons for certain observances. If we did not do this the chances are the observances would be neglected altogether.

If Christmas, for instance, were not the time for family gatherings, it is quite likely there would not be any family gatherings at all. Sons and daughters far away from home would say, "Oh, I must go and see the old people some time," but they would put it off and put it off until there came a day when the old people were no longer there. Then these putters-off would weep bitter tears of regret for the opportunities they had let slip.

Again, there are any number of well-meaning people who would go on all their lives intending "some day" to do something for the poor or to give their children a treat. If there were no special occasion dedicated to kind acts their intentions would never be fulfilled.

Never cry down Christmas. It is the children's festival. It is the one chance many poor folk have of a little feasting to cheer their hard lives. Even if it were such a nuisance as you pretend, Mr. Misanthrope, you ought to put up with it gladly for these reasons.

But we know you don't really find it a nuisance. When the turkey and plum-pudding come in you enjoy them as heartily as the rest. And as for disliking the sound of happy little children's voices—no, no, it won't do, Mr. Misanthrope; it won't do!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The man who goes through a day without some fine emotion has wasted his day, whatever he has gained in it.—*Arthur Symonds.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE KING and Queen will, as usual, spend Christmas at Sandringham this year, and there is probably no place in England where it could be spent more pleasantly. The Queen, who left London yesterday morning to make ready for the festivities, is absolutely devoted to her country home, which looks its winter best just now in the clear, frosty air. She will spend Christmas Day there quite simply, as she always does. In the morning the Royal Family walk across from the house to the famous little church. After the service the Queen chats for a moment with the old tenants and friends who attend it, and then walks back to lunch, and generally spends the rest of the day indoors.

The popularity of the King and Queen amongst their villagers and tenants is immense, and is at no time more evident than at Christmas. The King has owned the place now ever since 1861, when he bought it for £220,000. Since then all

the famous men and women of the time have shared his hospitality there. The Queen has always liked to make friends with the clergy, and Sandringham remembers well the frequent visits of the old Bishop of St. Albans and "dear Jack Russell," as the Queen used to call him, the sporting parson, whose taste for port wine and fish used to be made friendly fun of by his royal hosts.

Lord Beaconsfield, who went at Sandringham by the friendly but familiar name of "Beaky," and the more forbidding Mr. Gladstone were also very happy there. The church used to be crowded to see the great men when they spent Sunday with the Prince of Wales. On one occasion the village organist was so alarmed at the thought of Mr. Gladstone's critical ear on the alert for false notes that he played them constantly. The more nervous he got the more he played out of tune. The King was annoyed, but forgave him when all was explained. On Christmas Day there will be no cause for nervousness, however, for the royal party will be quite a family one.

After the King and Queen, it is the Prime Minister who is most often "in the public eye," and like them, Mr. Balfour will spend Christmas in the country. He is now awaiting it at his northern home, Whittingehame House, near Dunbar, in Scotland. Whittingehame is not a particularly enchanting place to look at. There is an immensely broad terrace with lawns in front of it, and they look rather dreary when covered with snow. The place has sinister associations about it, too, for it was here that Bothwell and his fellow-conspirators are said to have wandered about plotting the murder of Darnley, the effeminate husband of Mary Queen of Scots.

Mr. Balfour spends Christmas cheerfully enough, however, without being troubled by ghosts. He spends most of the day in his library, and in the smaller study near it in the midst of his innumerable books, and with his beloved piano. The library shows, amongst other things, the best editions of Kipling and Stevenson, whom Mr. Balfour admires enormously. But the books overflow into the rest of the house as well. Indeed, reading in front of a warm fire is the Prime Minister's favourite recreation—he prefers it even to golf!

Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister's irrepressible co-worker, will, it need hardly be said, spend the festive season at his Birmingham house. His house has a somewhat modern and villa-like appearance. It is not an architectural wonder. But one thing it is—a paradise of orchids. Mr. Chamberlain almost lives in the midst of these favourite flowers of his, when he is tired and wants refreshment. The winter garden is his favourite place to sit. There he will pass most of Christmas Day quietly in the midst of his family.

As to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he will meditate on "the art of being a gentleman" in his Perthshire house, Belmont Castle. "C.B." is a very pleasant host, a splendid raconteur, and a giver of the most admirable dinners. He has no children, so he generally fills the solitude of Belmont with friends at Christmas-time. The house is modern, with large, comfortable rooms, but not artistically wonderful. It has two pepper-box turrets in front, and fine grounds. "C.B." used to shoot, but he has given that up, and will go in for nothing but rest, and the reading of the latest French novel, during the holidays.

Sir James Crichton-Browne has broken out again in the "Times." This time he is deploring the decrease in the amount of butter eaten. Jam is good, he says, but butter is equally good, and just now, it seems, butter is cheaper than jam. The last controversy in which Sir James engaged was about Harris Tweed. He declared it was insupportable. Any number of voices, including those of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Winston Churchill, were raised on the other side.

Mr. Churchill got very angry indeed, especially over Sir James's anonymity—he wrote then over his initials, "J. C. B.," as he does now. It is partly because he is such a clever brain specialist that Sir "J. C. B." is such an annoying controversialist. He knows what his opponents will say before they have said it, so accustomed is he to studying the workings of men's minds. He is often rather wild in his theories, but he can always support them by most ingenious arguments.

Amongst the society beauties who think a Christmas spent out of England quite unpatriotic is Lady Mary Sackville, who has just returned from Paris and gone down to her country home near Exbury. Lady Mary would be a beauty even out of society. She has the real red-gold hair which so many of her sex try in vain to imitate by art, and she is also one of the best-dressed girls in London. Why has she not yet married? Perhaps because she will not resign her independence; for she is something of a "new woman," and believes in women's rights as very distinct from those of men.

Lady Mary has had curiously bad luck in one respect—she has been several times in danger from fire. She was at the memorable Paris Bazaar a few years ago, and had only just left when the fearful destruction of it began. Then Lady De La Warr, her mother, and herself had to escape from their house in Grosvenor-street, which was burnt down one night. The hardship was that painful experience forgotten before she had to go through a similar one in America, where the household of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, with whom she was staying, had to fly from the fire which burnt the house next door to them.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 23.—Holly and mistletoe must be cut to-day for Christmas decorations. Many gardens will provide the former, but the latter is more seldom seen. Berries are fairly plentiful on the holly this year; how lovely they look against the glistering leaves! By the way, if hollies were carefully attended to, and pruned, more berries would greet us in the winter.

Mistletoe grows on many trees, preferring, perhaps, an old apple-tree. It can be easily "sown" by pressing the berries (when ripe in February) into cracks in the bark.

Ivy and other evergreens are also useful for decorating the house. E. F. T.

HOW CAN HE DELIVER PRESENTS IN A FOG?



FATHER CHRISTMAS (to the Clerk of the Weather): Look here, you know, how can you expect me to do my work in weather like this? I can't find out where anybody lives.

[For three days out of the past four London has been enveloped in a thick fog.]

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Lionel Phillips.

IT is not given to many men to be condemned to death and then to stand as Parliamentary candidate for a London constituency. But that is what has happened to Mr. Lionel Phillips. He was condemned to death in the Transvaal, and now he has been chosen to represent the Conservative interest in Paddington in succession to Sir John Aird.

The death sentence arose out of the Jameson Raid. He was one of the Reform Committee, and with three others was condemned to death. This was withdrawn afterwards, and they escaped with their lives and the payment of a heavy fine. Later, he was exiled from the Transvaal owing to an article he wrote in "The Nineteenth Century."

He is a great writer for magazines and reviews. He writes well, and his articles are always readable.

When in Johannesburg he was president of the Chamber of Mines, and his house was the centre of everything progressive and artistic. Now he is a member of the firm of Werner, Beit and Co., a financial magnate, and a J.P.

In appearance he is as keen and alert-looking a man as one could well imagine. The face is thin and clean-cut. The eyes are bright and sharp, the mouth shaded by a heavy moustache. He looks what he is, a keen, hard-headed, business man.

His tastes run in the direction of classical matters, and he has financed excavations at Rome. He is also somewhat of an Egyptologist. He is nearly sixty, but you would never think it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Old English Nativity Hymn.

At Bethlehem City in Jewry it was
 That Joseph and Mary together did pass.

But when they had entered the city so fair
 A number of people so mighty was there
 That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
 Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.

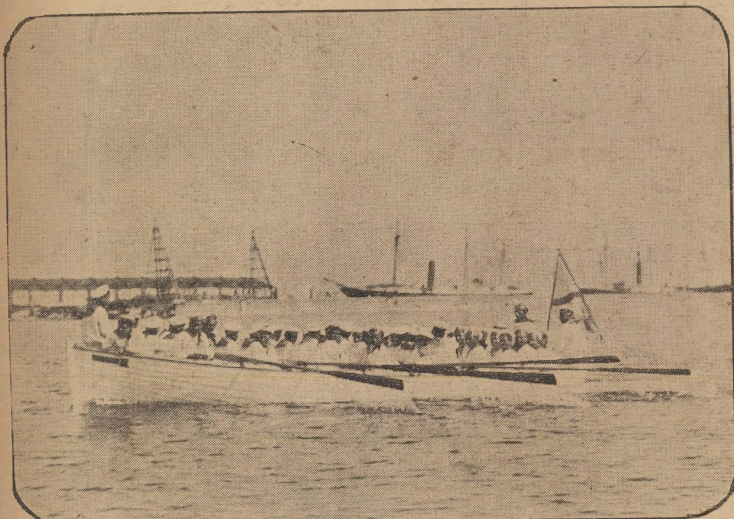
Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
 Where horses and asses they used for to tie;
 Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
 But against the next morning our Saviour was born.

The King of all kings to this world being brought
 Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,
 But when she had swaddled her young son so sweet,
 Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.

Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high
 To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
 And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
 Because that our Saviour was born on this day.

Then presently after the shepherds did spy
 Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky;
 They joyfully talked and sweetly did sing,
 To God be all glory, our heavenly King.

ROJESTVENSKY'S PLOUGHBOY SAILORS.



A hitherto unpublished photograph of the last forty sailors to go on board Admiral Rojestvensky's flagship at Libau. These men were brought from the country and turned into "sailors" only three weeks before the departure of the fleet.

ALIENS' HAPPY CHRISTMAS.



A shipload of aliens arriving in London, where they mean to spend a happy Christmas, and oust the British workman from the means of earning a livelihood.

OIL MAGNATES DEFIED.



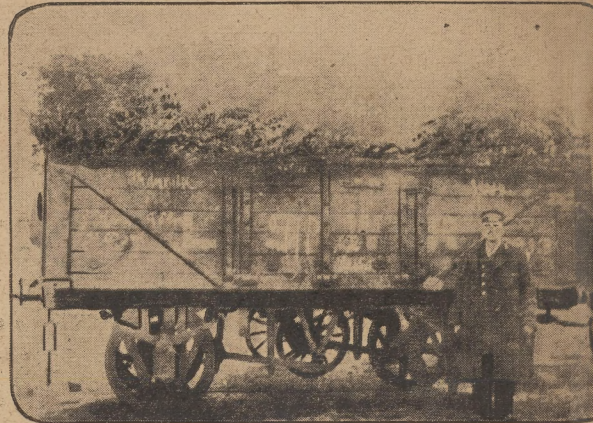
Mr. T. W. Lawson, who has caused much sensation on the New York Stock Exchange by his attacks on the Oil Trust magnates.

MADAME STOESSSEL HONoured.

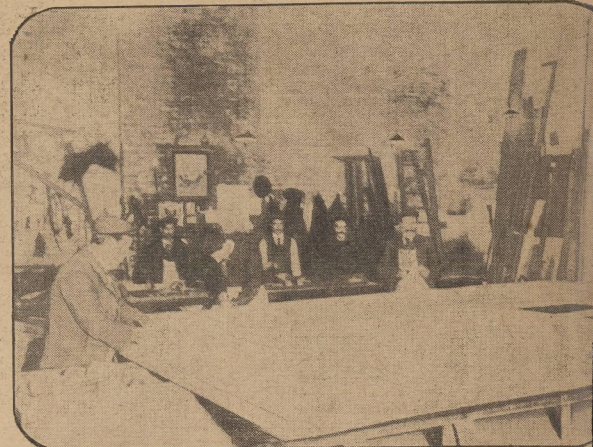


Mme. Stoessel, wife of the dauntless defender of Port Arthur, who has just been awarded the gold medal of the League of French Women.

Scenes in London—Get



For the Christmas decorations: A wagon load of holly at Nine Elms Station yesterday morning, ready for removal to Covent Garden.



In the carpenter's shop at Drury Lane Theatre. Preparing for the forthcoming pantomime production on Boxing Day. The men seen above are framing a fresh finished scene.



Miss Madge Lessing, the popular actress from "Sergeant Brue," rehearsing the opening of the Coliseum, which has been definitely fixed for to-morrow. Marshall Moore, general director of the staff at the Coliseum, is seen standing the piano. Mr. Walter Slaughter, the composer, is the accompanist.

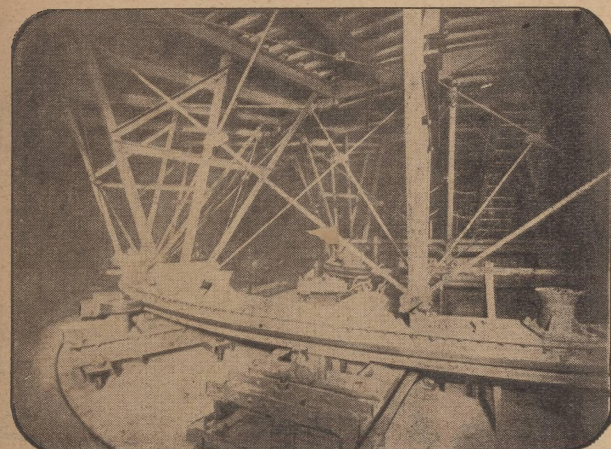
ing Ready for Christmas.



A few of the hundreds of Christmas trees now on sale at Covent Garden Market. The trees are all sizes and all prices, from 1d. to £5 each.



The scene yesterday in the poultry department of one of London's largest stores, showing hundreds of turkeys for the Londoner's dinner-table during the merry festival of Christmas.



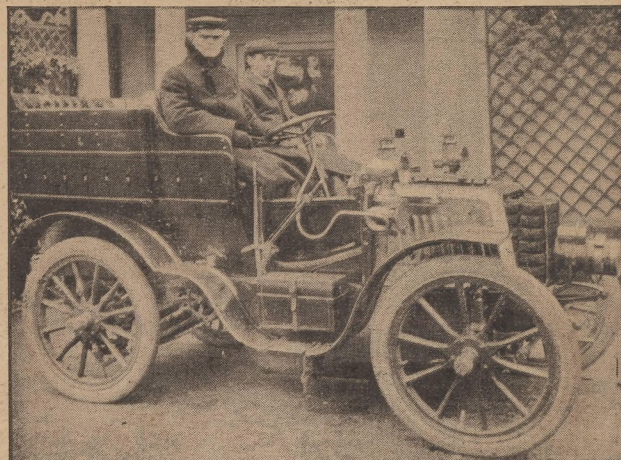
A peep into the mechanism of the wonderful revolving stage at the Coliseum. A most realistic spectacle in the entertainment entitled "The Derby," in which race-horses will gallop at full speed, will be made possible by means of this wonderful innovation in stage building.

JAP CENSOR'S SMILE.



Why the war news does not come through: Major Yamaoka and Major Yamaguchi, of General Nogi's staff before Port Arthur. They control the publication of all news of the movements of the besieging army, and are smiling at the discomfiture of some enterprising European war correspondents, whose efforts to get their dispatches through were frustrated.

PASTOR OF THE CITY TEMPLE ON HIS MOTOR-CAR.



A new photograph of the Rev. R. J. Campbell on his motor-car. He drives from his house at Enfield to the City Temple every Sunday and every Thursday, and declares he can easily beat the train by a quarter of an hour. — (Photograph by Campbell and Gray.)

ROYALTY AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

The Prince of Wales Becomes Vice-Patron of the Automobile Club.

Two events have occurred this week which give further indications of the deep interest which our Royal Family takes in motoring.

Princess Christian has just ordered a 24-h.p. motor-car for her own use, which will prove invaluable to her in carrying out the numberless good works with which she is identified; and yesterday it was announced that the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to become the vice-patron of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, of which King Edward is the patron.

The Prince of Wales, though not so well known in connection with motoring as the King, has nevertheless closely followed the pastime for several years and takes much interest in the development

of the great industry which has sprung up in connection with automobilism.

Whatever the laws of Great Britain may have done to hinder the progress of the motor-car in these islands, it is certain that the ill-effect has been almost neutralised by the kindly encouragement given to the young industry by the Royal Family.

It was in 1902 that the Prince of Wales purchased his first motor-car, an electric brougham capable of speeds up to about fifteen miles an hour.

In 1903 he had a powerful petrol automobile built to his special requirements, and from that time his motoring career proper may be said to have commenced, although for a considerable time previous he had kept in touch with the movement.

On his speedy 22-h.p. Daimler the Prince has carried out many tours throughout the country, amongst the most memorable being a run to Cornwall, on which occasion he visited the Marconi station at Mullion, when he was accompanied by the Princess of Wales.

As a further indication of his interest in the automobile movement the Prince some time since consented to open the great motor-car show at Olympia in February. This exhibition will be well represented in the home section, and the patronage of his Royal Highness will undoubtedly give a fillip to the British automobile trade.



THE PRINCE AS A MOTORIST.—(By permission of the "Motor-Car Journal.")

THE AMERICAN MME. HUMBERT.—Concluded.

Mrs. Chadwick's Wild Extravagance—How She Formed Her Last Plot to Refill Her Purse, and How It Came to Grief.

CHAPTER V.—Mrs. Chadwick.

Once more Lydia de Vere had by sheer force of her amazing personality and wonderful beauty won her way back to her ambitious goal.

Her beautiful home in Cleveland was the social centre of the fashionable world of the city.

This was in 1897. For a year she lived this life. Then it seemed that her ambition had reached its limit. Her husband was wealthy, and honoured throughout the State of Ohio. His wife could command any position. But gradually the amazing brain reassessed itself. She would travel abroad for a while.

"I should like," she told her husband, "to go to Europe and take a little party."

Dr. Chadwick, ever willing to please his beautiful wife, agreed. Mrs. Chadwick invited twelve young American girls, and the trip was organised. It was arranged and carried out on a magnificent scale. The finest state-rooms on an Atlantic liner were chartered, and suites of rooms engaged at the best hotels in the various cities visited.

The amount of money spent upon this tour was said to be many thousands of pounds.

One day in Paris she wished to make some purchases at a jeweller's shop.

"Show me some diamonds," she said.

A tray of diamond rings was brought. She selected several, and asked to see some of the best stones. A magnificent necklace was produced. It had been the heirloom in the family of some French nobleman.

"I will take that," said Mrs. Chadwick, without inquiring the price.

"At length she was satisfied. "How much do I owe you?" she asked the assistant.

"Ten thousand pounds, madame," replied the man.

Mrs. Chadwick produced a pocket-book and counted out ten £1,000 notes.

The European trip came to an end. Mrs. Chadwick had purchased in all nearly £50,000 worth of jewellery.

At the Customs office in New York the story is told of how Mrs. Chadwick passed these jewels through. The Customs officials approached to inspect the baggage. Mrs. Chadwick threw everything open.

"Here is my jewellery," she said, calling to a maid with a handbag. She enumerated certain bracelets and rings she had bought abroad.

"I think that is all," she added, sighing gratefully that the unpleasant task was over.

The officials, unsuspecting the precious packets stowed discreetly among the clothes purchased in America, affixed their Customs mark to the trunks, and all was over. By her amazing audacity once more Mrs. Chadwick had carried her end.

MANIA FOR SPENDING MONEY.

In further measure she resumed her old sway at the Cleveland home. The scale upon which she lived was unparalleled. She spent and gave with an open, unheeding hand. Her generosity was the talk of the city at times. Mrs. Chadwick refused none. While getting into her brougham one afternoon a bare-footed child held the door.

"Have you no shoes?" she asked.

"No," replied the boy.

"Tell your mother to get you some. The money is in there," and she handed the child her heavy gold-mounted purse.

But the social life, even though she was supreme, did not satisfy this amazing woman. Her brain must be always conceiving some fresh and more audacious scheme. At last her husband seemed to give her the opportunity.

He suggested a visit abroad with his son and daughter. "Let us go at once," he said.

Mrs. Chadwick thought a moment. "You go on," she said, "I will follow you in a week or two."

Mrs. Chadwick refused herself to all callers for two days. She revelled in the planning of a new and more daring scheme than she had attempted before.

A few days later her carriage drove up to the Wade Park.

She was shown into the president's private office.

"Oh, Mr. Reynolds," she said, "I want you to do me a favour, if you will. I would like to have

STARVING AT 74.

Pitiful Case of an Old Gentlewoman Living on 6d. a Week.

A few days ago the *Daily Mirror* received the following pathetic letter:—

"I read in the papers some time ago of an old woman only having 5s. a week to live upon. What will you say when I tell you that for many weeks I have only had 6d. to live on after I have paid my rent?"

"I am an old woman, seventy-four years of age, quite alone in the world, and what I earn with my needle goes to pay my rent, with which I am already in arrears, as the pay for needlework is so small.

"I have parted with everything of value I have except a Cashmere shawl. If you could assist me to find a purchaser for it I shall be indeed grateful."

The writer asked that her name and address should not be made public. Before deciding to put this pitiful case before our readers, we asked the Rev. John Gardner-Brown, vicar of St. James's, Clapton, the district from which the letter came, if he could give any information about the writer. He has been kind enough to answer at once. He says:—

"I sent one of my curates to inquire into Miss —'s case, and I have since seen her myself. It seems to me that she is in real need of assistance."

"She tells me that she has been in former years companion to many ladies in India and elsewhere, but that there is no one to whom she can turn for assistance. She never earns more than 3s. 6d. a week."

"So far as I am able to judge it is a case of genuine and severe poverty. I have, of course, given Miss — some temporary help now, but if a small weekly allowance could be made her it would be very helpful."

Perhaps some of our readers may feel inclined to respond to the vicar's suggestion. Contributions should be forwarded direct to him at St. James's Vicarage, Clapton, N.E.

THE JAPANESE ARMY DOCTOR.

The Japanese army doctor has more duties than the doctor of European armies.

He acts as a health pioneer to the army, going ahead and inspecting and analysing water and earth where troops are to camp. The health of villages is examined, and cases of disease are either moved out of the way of the approaching troops or put under guard and disinfected.

Food brought in by foraging parties is examined by him, and he decides whether it is fit for consumption, and gives instructions as to cooking. He even measures out rations and gives lessons in cookery. The result is that the Japanese have suffered less from disease than has ever been known in an army in the field before.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

IGNORANCE OR DECEPTION?

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman says only one in 100 aliens is refused admission to the United States.

That is because the shipping companies will not take anyone who is likely to be rejected. The undesirable are weeded out long before they get to American ports.

The Liberal statesman cannot know much about the question if he does not know this. EASTBOURNE. WALTER M. SCHULTZ.

FREE MEALS FOR ALL.

As a ratepayer, I am certainly in favour of giving a free midday meal out of the rates, provided all are served alike. Children of parents in comfortable circumstances would, of course, be allowed to go home to the midday meal if they desired to do so, but it must be borne in mind that those children who take their meal at the school, under the supervision of the teachers, would certainly gain in manners and bearing at the table, a distinct national advantage. F. A. WILKIN.

WHY SERVANTS ARE SO SCARCE.

You say, "never were there so many female workers idle." Reading this I think of the thousands of persons throughout England who cannot meet with domestic servants.

Therefore while it may be a difficult matter to find employment for dock labourers, there is little excuse for able-bodied girls remaining idle, seeing that work and comfortable homes may be had for asking. A. HART LEIGH.

Carrington, Notts.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Glancing through my book of extracts from various writers that have pleased me, I cull the following bearing on this subject:—

"The word gentleman has no reference to fine raiment and white hands, and the veneration of society polish merely, but to those who have noble qualities, however hard their hands and sun-browned their faces. You frequently find more real gentlemen in the humbler than in the higher walks of life." A. S. NEIL.

Thames House, Strand, W.C.

"A MINER'S WAR."

The attack on Mr. Chamberlain by Mr. Spire is only a repetition of the old Radical argument. It has been proved conclusively that the Boers had all the necessary arms and ammunition for modern warfare, and at the outbreak of the war were still importing them. War was bound to come sooner or later, and had it come later it would have cost decidedly more than £250,000,000.

As to the Chinese miners, let us pay more attention to home troubles, and bar the uninvited alien from our shores. W. H. JACKSON.

2, Lyndal Grove, N.

E. A., Norfolk-square, Hyde Park.—Cheque for £1 received and forwarded to the Mansion House Police Court missionary for the benefit of the "Anguished Wife."

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN SAYING.

Models of Patience.

The patience and endurance of the salespeople at Christmas always makes me wonder if they are really mortal, or temporary importations from some brighter sphere.—*Frances Sydney* in "Madame."

Coming Change of Fashion.

The graceful full skirt has had a long reign, and now we have as a possibility panelled skirts with short over-skirts in panner style. These are, in fact, promised for spring, but it is rather early to predict with certainty what vagaries fashion may entertain.—*The Delineator*.

U.S. to the Rescue.

The American Consul at Bombay states, in an official report, that there is a chance of capturing the Indian shoe market. British merchants are careless, he says, about the fit, comfort, and durability of the boots and shoes which they offer to the Hindu.—*The Standard*.

A Bold Bishop.

Immediate distress must be met, but if they met it without attacking the great social problem affected they would do more harm and add to the distress. What was needed was a radical reform of educational methods. Sweeping reforms of the land laws would also be needed, so as to increase the number of allotments to which men might turn their attention when their own employment was slack.—*Bishop of Manchester*, at *Salford*.

A Future Duke's View.

Public opinion about Parliament is changing. I should say the attitude of mind of the electorate towards the House of Lords is that of benevolent toleration with which we view persons who do not unnecessarily intrude themselves upon our attention. Most people whom I meet seem to regard the House of Commons as an interesting example of one of those engines whose power of propulsion is derived from gas.—*Lord Percy*, heir to the *Dukedom of Northumberland*.

you take charge of some of my securities while I am away."

"Certainly," said the banker, and offered to send a clerk to fetch them.

The first step in the game had been taken. It was in New York that the second move was made.

From the Holland House Hotel Mrs. Chadwick wrote to Mr. Reynolds. "In the hurry of my departure," she said, "I quite forgot to take a receipt for the securities left with the Wade Park Bank."

Then followed a long list of bonds, railway and other stock, which the deed-box was supposed to contain.

Promptly Mr. Reynolds replied:—

"Cleveland, Ohio, May 23, 1902.

"To all whom it may concern. I hereby certify that I have in my possession 5,000,000 dollars in securities belonging to Cassie L. Chadwick, and that neither myself nor the Wade Park Bank nor any other person has any claim upon the same. (Signed) IRA REYNOLDS."

Mr. Reynolds also enclosed a list of the securities. Mrs. Chadwick was triumphant. The name of Mr. Reynolds was known throughout the country as that of an honourable and prominent man of business.

MR. CARNEGIE'S FORGED SIGNATURE.

She went to Mr. Herbert Newton, a well-known millionaire friend.

"Mr. Newton," she said in her low, sweet voice, "I have need of a little money. I wonder can you arrange a loan of £100,000 upon some of this security?"

Mr. Newton scanned Mr. Reynolds's letter and the list of securities named. "Of course," Mrs. Chadwick," he said.

Soon after she went to President Beckwith, of the Oberlin National Bank, with a bill signed Andrew Carnegie. It was for 250,000 dollars.

"I will send for Mr. Carnegie's New York lawyer," said Mrs. Chadwick. Two days a lawyer from New York visited the bank and swore that the signature was that of the great millionaire.

Mrs. Chadwick smiled and got the money.

But at last came the awakening. Mr. Newton has asked for his money and, in spite of all Mrs. Chadwick's efforts, refused to keep silence any longer. "I will pay all; but leave me in peace," she said. Now this amazing woman has been arrested, and lies awaiting a trial which will be even more sensational than that of France's Mme. Humbert.

CALORIT STORES.

LONDON.

Army and Navy Co-op. Society, Ltd., Victoria-st., S.W.
Brixton Theatre, Brixton, S.W.
Budge and Co., Ltd., 43, High-st., Kensington.
Civil Service Supply Stores, Ltd., Queen Victoria-st.
Civil Service Supply Stores, Ltd., Haymarket.
Dalston Theatre, Dalston, N.E.
Fenny's Stores, 229, Lower Clapton-rd., N.E.
Feldisen, A., 28, Haverlane, W. Smithfield.
Fortnum and Mason, Ltd., 182, Piccadilly, W.
Gray, Jas., 305, Stanstead-rd., Forest-hill, S.E.
Hardy Bros., Fishing-rod Manufacturers, 51, Pall Mall.
Harrod's Stores, Ltd., Brompton-rd., S.W.
Howard's Stores, Beckenham.
Howard's Stores, Bromley.
Hughes Bros., 1, Bishop's-ter., Fulham Palace-rd., S.W.
Jackson, R. and Co., 112, Piccadilly.
Junior Army and Navy Stores, Ltd., York House, Regent-st., S.W.
King and Mortimer, Ltd., 31, Sussex-place, Brompton.
Leverett and Fry, Ltd., 19, Colville-mansions, Corn-wall-rd., W.
Lipton's, Ltd., City-rd., E.C.
Morel Bros., Cobbeitt and Sons, Ltd., 18-19, Pall Mall.
Osborne, C. M. and Co., 98, Westbourne-grove, W.
Plumpton, H., 13, Wilmore-rd., Bromley.
Sanger, J., and Sons, 2, Winsley-st., Oxford-st., W.
Shapley, A. E., 3, Church-st., Lisson-grove, N.W.
Scott and Taylor, opp. Rail Station, Southall (Middx.).
Shoolbred, J., and Co., Tottenham Court-rd.
Sidney's Stores, 96, Green-lanes, Stoke Newington.
Smith, Stephen, and Co., Ltd., Malabar-rd., Bow.
Smith and Pond, Ltd., Queen Victoria-st.
Star Tea Co., Ltd., 292-314, Old-st., E.C.
Stevens, Geo., 27, High-rd., Wood Green, N.
Taylor, A. C., Ltd., 383-387, Waverley-rd., S.E.
Thomas, Euan, 277, High-rd., Balham.
Tooley, W., and Sons, 10, New-rd., Woolwich.
Whiteley, Wm., Ltd., Westbourne-grove, W.
Wilkinson Sword Co., Pall Mall, S.W.

PROVINCIAL.

ABERAVON—Molyneux, P., High-st.
ABERGAVENNY—Morgan and Evans.
ABERSYCHAN—Miss S. Buckley, High-st.; Wm. Lewis, Mark Powell, Slatwood.
ABERTHLEWY—Rogers and Co.
ACCRINGTON—Williamson Lee, New Market-buildings.
ALDERSHOT—Dickson and Co., 7, High-st.; Howard's Stores, Ulmston.
ALNWICK—Hindley Bros., Fishing-rod Manufacturers.
ARNSIDE—J. Crossfield and Sons.
APPLEBY—J. and J. Graham, Ltd., Bridge-st.
BANBURY—T. W. Coleman.
BANGOR—T. Lewis and Co., Snowdon Flake Flour Mills.
BARNSTAPLE—Chas. Lock, 28, Bontport-st.
BECCLES—H. J. Scott and Son.
BIDEFORD (Devon)—Dawe and Sons; Tattersell's Stores.
BIRMINGHAM—C. C. Barrow and Sons, Five Ways, Edgbaston; G. C. Holden, Bristol-st.; J. Parker, Bull-st.; J. Sumner and Sons, Hutton House, High-st.
BLAINA—Jones and Jones, 63, High-st.
BLACKPOOL—J. E. Dentley, 99, Church-st., S. Shore; Shepherd and Co., Lytham-st.; J. W. Moss, 114, Lytham-rd., S. Shore.
BLAKAVON—Davies and Co.
BOLTON—Flemingh and Co., 26, Deansgate; G. H. Booth and Co., 4, Fishgate.
BODOLERN—Thos. Lewis and Co., The Valley R.S.O., and Bellish.
BOOTHAM—Geo. Britton, Ltd., Clifton House.
BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE—Atkinson's Stores.
BOURNEMOUTH—Leverett and Fry, Ltd., The Square.
BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER—H. H. and T. Wilkins, Flour Mills.
BRADFORD—Moreland Bros., Ltd., Derby-st.
BRECON—Meredith and Co., 33, High-st.
BRIDGEND, ELAM (Glam.)—D. Williams and Sons.
BRIGHTON—C. Clifford, 27, Preston-st.
BRISTOL—Barker and Co., 33, Bridge-st.; W. H. Eyles and Co., Queen Charlotte-st.; T. G. Norham and Co., 24, Balbot; W. G. Thomas and Co., Nelson-st.
BRIXHAM (Devon)—J. B. Williams, Drew-st.
BROMSGROVE—Burgis and Colbourne, High-st.
BRUNSWICK—G. Powell, Hy. Conopie and Son.
BUDLEIGH-SALTERTON—M. L. Periam, 29, Fore-st.
BURSLEM—J. P. Miller, 43, Market-pl.
BURTON-ON-TRENT—W. H. Oakes and Co.; R. Wilkinson and Co.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS—Oliver and Son.
CARDIFF—Stranaghan and Stevens, Castle-st.; W. Powell, St. Mary-st.; John Williams, Argyle Stores, Castle-st.
CARLISLE—W. Oram and Sons, 32, Lowther-st.
CARMARTHEN—Wm. Evans, Queen-st.; Arthur Arthur, 6, North-st.; J. L. Carter, Guildhall-sq.; Caleb Rice, Whitland House, Wainland.
CHESTER—Geo. Dutton and Son, 100, Eastgate.
CHURCH STRETTON (Salop)—H. Reddin.
CLYDEBON—R. Ewings.
COCKERMOUTH—Josiah Hall.
COLWYN BAY—F. Roberts, Station-rd.
CONWAY—Jas. Deason, Castle-st.
COVENTRY—W. and C. Slingsby.
CROYDON—W. E. Pratt, 22, London-rd.
DARLINGTON—J. H. Dickson, 9, High-row; Williamson and Son, 10, Bondgate; J. P. Clarkson and Co., 2, Peter-st.
DERBY—G. Austin and Co.; L. and E. King, Ltd., St. Peter-st.
DOLGELL—Davies and Co., New Shops.
DUNFERMLINE—Bruce and Glen, Wine and Spirit Merchants.
DUNDEE—R. Pullen, 213, Perth-st.; Geo. Robertson, 77, Nethergate.
DURHAM—G. Greenwell and Son, Silver-st.

COCOA.

CHOCOLATE.

COFFEE.

A Generation Ago
it took twenty minutes
to get a plate of hot
soup. The 20th cen-
tury way is the



Calorit
way. Pierce four holes in a tin
of soup and in four minutes
it is boiling. No fire. No
match. No trouble. No dirt.
16 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

COCOA.

CHOCOLATE.

COFFEE.

EASTBOURNE—Davidson, Terminus-rd.; Miller and
Son, Pevensey-rd.; Lethbridge's Stores, 10, Grand
Hotel-buildings; Elliott's Stores, South House.
EAST GRINSTEAD—A. E. Potter, Dorman-lane.
EBBW VALE—A. Phillips, Commercial-st.
EDINBURGH—A. Edue, Grindlay-st.; J. Ford and
Son, 29, Collingwood-rd.; K. and T. Gibson, 93,
Princes-st.

GREAT MALVERN—A. C. Nett, Church-st.; J. H.
Jones, Vernon House; Jones and Davis, Church-
st.; Tipping and Co., Stores.
GREAT WHITCHURCH (Salop)—R. D. Edwards.
GRANGE-OVER-SANDS—W. and J. Mossop.
GORING-ON-THAMES—H. L. Smith, P.O.
GRIFFITH TOWN (Mon.)—Mark Alexander.

HOW FOOD IS HEATED WITHOUT FIRE.

CALORIT is not the name of a food. The goods are the preserved goods of every-
day commerce, but are of the best British manufacture, specially put up for us
by leading makers, such as Poulton and Noel, Batty and Co., etc., and are
merely provided with a jacket, the piercing of which causes heat. Ask your grocer
about it. If he doesn't keep it, send for free booklet and all information. We will also
send you a list of the up-to-date dealers who do keep it.

CALORIT, 16, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

SOUPS.

Julienne.

Green Peas.

Tomato.

Gravy.

Mock Turtle.

Oxtail.

Hare.

Chicken Broth.



ENTREES.

Irish Stew.

Haricot of Mutton.

Minced Collops of Beef.

Beef Rations with Gravy and Vegetables.

Jugged Hare.

Minced Veal.

Curried Veal.

Curried Lamb's Sweetbreads.

Lamb's Sweetbreads and Mushrooms.

Delicious Cocoa, Chocolate, & Cafe Noir.

The cocoa and chocolate is a special line which we only succeeded in adapting after considerable experiment. What could be more delightful than a cup of the very best cocoa or chocolate, which heats itself without the slightest trouble or work, and without the aid of any fire or stove, not even requiring a match? After the theatre. Early morning breakfast. In the sick-room.

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FLEETWOOD—W. Drewery and Co., North Albert-st.

FOLKSTONE—T. G. Heron, 6, Sandgate-rd.

GARNDEFIATH—R. Herbert.

GILLINGHAM (Kent)—J. Mockett, 1, Corporation-st.

GLASGOW—J. Mowat and Sons, Ltd., 33, West Howard-st.; Manuel and Webster, West George-st.; Paulsen and Co., 100, Sauchiehall-st.

HALIFAX—Webster and Son, 205, Silver-st.

HAMPTON HILL—W. Scott, High-st.

HANLEY (Staffs)—Sherratt and Bagshaw, 2, Upper Market-sq.

HARROGATE—G. C. Lowther, 23, Station-sq.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL—J. Parker, 4, Peterborough-rd.

HAVESFORDWEST—E. W. Rees.

HAY (Herefordshire)—C. Redwards, Broad-st.

HEREFORD—Clarkson and Stewart, High Town; J. and B. Williams, Commercial-st.

HOW IT'S DONE.



1—Pierce the Tin; 2—Remove the Lid; and 3—Serve Scrumptious Hot.

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HOLYHEAD—Thos. Lewis and Co., Bee Hive.
HUDDERSFIELD—G. H. Robinson, Westgate.
HULL—Brown, Holmes, and Cox, 11, Carr-lane; Severin Nelles, 4, Pier-st. and 2, Wellington-st.; Jarman and Flint, Carr-lane; R. Field and Son, Saville-st.; Bristow and Co., Ltd., 83-84, Queen-st.
ILMSTER—E. Pasch, Market-sq.
IPSWICH—J. S. Heston, Caddwell Hall-rd.
ISLE OF WIGHT—Hy. Adams, 3, High-st., Ryde; A. Blackburn, 40, Union-st., Ryde; Brown's Stores, 130, High-st., Cowes; Dean and Morgan, Cowes; Hillier's Stores, High-st., Cowes; G. Dear and Sons, Shanklin; G. Lear and Sons, Ventnor; A. J. Long, Yarmouth.
IRELAND—E. Kidd and Co., 4, George-st., Limerick; Musgrave Bros., Ltd., 34, Castle-st., Tralee.
KENDAL—J. Harrison and Son, Stramozgate Bridge.
KEWICK—J. and J. Graham, Ltd., Market-pl.
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES—G. and C. and C. and Nuthall and Sons, Ltd., 3, Thames-st.
KINGSTON (Herefordshire)—G. W. S. Hart, The Stores.
KNUTSFORD—C. J. Billington, Princess-st.
LANCASTER—F. H. Simpson, 34, New Market.
LEAMINGTON—Burgis and Colbourne, Parade.
LEEDS—Reynolds and Branson, 13, Briggate.
LEEK (Staffs)—R. J. Bull, 35, St. Edwards-st.
LEICESTER—H. Baines, 48, Granby-st.
LEICESTER—H. B. Bach, High-st.
LIVERPOOL—Isaac's Robt, Ltd., Elliott-st.; Baines and Crosswhite, Bold-st.
LIANDUNO—T. Esmer Hoeson, 56, Upper Mostyn-st.
Llanerchymedd—Thos. Lewis and Co., London House.
LLANGOLLE—J. Rowlands, Central Supply Stores.
LUDLOW—S. Valentine.
LUTON—Grace and Son, Park-st.
LYTHAM—N. Jackson, 38, Clifton-st.
MADENHALL—J. E. Jones, 21, High-st.; Griffin and Morris, 120, High-st.
MANCHESTER—Burgis's, Ltd., St. Mary's Gate (and all branches); E. F. Goulbourne, Old millgate; E. F. Goulbourne, Piccadilly; E. F. Goulbourne, Oxford-st.
MARLBOROUGH (Wilts)—J. Hill, Market-place.
MARLOW—Gray's Stores, High-st.
MASTHER TOWNS—G. A. and R. Gunson, 68, High-st.
MOLD—T. G. Wynne, 14-16, New-st.
MONTMOUTH—E. Freeman, Agout-st.
MORCABLE—H. H. Simpson, 30, Alhambra-buildings; H. Simpson, 4, Euston-rd.
NANTWYLL—W. J. King, Best Market.
NANTWYLL—D. H. Davis.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—Jell and Reay, Cloth Mar-ket; Garick Watson and Son, 17-21, Blackett-st.; A. J. Greaves, 5, Nunst.; Humphreys and Son, 45, Cloth Market.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—L. M. Watson, 31, Iron-market.
NEWARKET—H. Waugh.
NEWPORT (Mon.)—T. Corley, Ltd., Newport and S. Wales Stores; Dawkins and Co., Commercial-rd.; Fennell and Sons, High-st.; Oliver, Goss, Dock-st.; Jenkins and Co., Sabatopole; E. Palmer, 144, Shaftsbury-sq.; W. J. Williams, Cwmbran; C. Simmons, Rain-dec.
NEWPORT (Salop)—R. Brittain and Co.
NESTON—Mann and Crosswhite, High-st.
NORTHALLINGHAM—J. Lloyd and Co., Faragon Stores.
NORTH BLKWK—Alexander Jacobson.
NORTHWICH—Kyle and Burgess, 37, High-st.
NOTT CHAM—J. C. Mortimer, Central Stores.
OXFORD—Grimbly, Hughes, and Co., Cornmarket; C. Underhill and Co., The High.
PANGBOURNE—J. C. Mortimer, Central Stores.
PENRICE—W. Simon, Main-st.
PENRITH—J. and J. Graham, Ltd., 6 and 7, Market-st., and 39, King-st.
PENTREATH—Thos. Lewis and Co., Bangor House.
PLYMOUTH—A. H. Faulkner, 30, St. Mary-st.
PONTYPOOL—J. Knapp.
PONTYPRIDD—Bowen Bros., Rennell-sq.; J. Harris, 1st-st.; G. Tucker, Friar Merchant.
PORT—J. Brook, Hannah-st.; J. P. Davies, J. E. Lloyd, Hannah-st.; T. J. Lloyd and Co., Pontypridd-rd.
PONTYPRIDD—J. E. Richards; A. Clarke, Freehold Supply Stores.
PORTHAW—Glam.—Thos. Langdon.
PORTS—A. Leverett and Fry, 119, Queen-st.
PRESTON—E. H. Booth and Co., Ltd., Fishergate.
PWLH—Thos. Lewis and Co., 22, High-st.
READING—National Grocery Stores, 101-102, Filar-st.; Stanley Bros., 34, Oxford-st.
RED HILL—Cook's Stores, 4, Linfield-corner.
RICHMOND (Yorks)—Tennet and Son.
RIPON—J. W. Todd, 28, Market-pl.
ROCHESTER—Rochester Coop. Society.
ROSS (Herefordshire)—J. Barnwell and Sons, 1, Market-pl.
RUTHIN—Rout and Son, Chemists.
RYEL—John Owen, 12, High-st.
SCARBOROUGH—W. A. Marston, 49, Greengate-st.; Hy. Wellman, 25, Westborough.
SEAFOED—J. Marlin, 3, Church-rd.
SHEFFIELD—A. Day and Sons, Ltd., 38-40, Fargate.
SHERBURN (Derbys)—D. G. Greston.
SHREWSBURY—Humphries and Helyar, 7, Mandol.
SOUTHAMPTON—Ray and Co., High-st.; Edwin Jones and Co., Queen-buildings; May and Wade, St. Michael's-st.; C. J. Tilling and Sons, 83, High-st.
SOUTHSEA—Whitcomb's Stores, 12 and 17, Palmer-st.
SOUTHSIDE—E. F. Fennell, 6, Eastbank-st.
SOUTH MOLTON (Devon)—C. Williams.
STAFFORD—W. A. Marston, 49, Green-st.
STIRLING—Cowbrough and Mercer, Port-st.
STALWYBRIDGE—Geo. Stamp and Co., 30, Market-st.
STANLEY (Derbys)—J. G. Taylor and Co., 6, Castle-st.; P. M. Evans, Vassall-st.; S. Griffiths, Falsan-st.
SUTTON COLDFIELD—J. W. Wright, Station-rd.
TENBY—E. Palmer, High-st.
THREE BRIDGES—E. Pollard.
TOPHAM (Devon)—F. K. Nott, Fore-st.
TORQUAY—L. S. Shapley and Son, 20, Strand; Slade and Son, Strand.
TREHARRIS—Evans and Son, 3 and 4, Forest.
TUNYV—W. Payne, West-st.
ULVERSTON (Lancs)—J. Hird, Market-place.
WALLINGFORD—C. G. Staniland, Market-place.
WARRINGTON—Hy. Milling and Co., 6, Horse-market.
WARWICK—H. Fryer, High-st.
WEST HARTLEPOOL—R. A. Gjertsen, 4, Main-st. North.
WESTON—SUPER—MARE—Brown Bros.; John Emens, W. Payne, West-st.
WEYBRIDGE—E. T. Madeley, High-st.
WEYMOUTH—A. H. Faulkner, 30, St. Mary-st.
WORTHING—Geo. Smith and Son, 112-115, Montague-st.
WORKSOP—H. W. Fox.
WYRKHAM—W. Phillips and Co., Ltd.
YORK—G. Bondar and Co., 49, Carey-st.

THREE CHARMINGLY PRETTY BLOUSES FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING WEAR.

CORSAGES OF TO-DAY.

DEPARTURE OF THE POUCHED SHIRT.

The seasonable subject of the blouse forms that of to-day's picture, and with the interpolated remark that, though the blouse should in some way repeat the fashion of the skirt, it may be remarked that that very modish and useful garment is still in the hey-day of its popularity.

But it shares with the corsage of the moment a tendency to cling to the figure far more closely than it has done for long enough; in other words, the pouched effect of a few months ago has gone, and though our blouses may be made fairly full, they should be tucked into a belt that defines the elegance of the waist most palpably, or they will not be absolutely without reproach.

On the left-hand side of the sketch will be observed a very pretty model made of supple cloth to match the skirt over a deep lace and tucked lawn chemise. Lace is inserted upon the large sleeves, and flounces of it appear at the wrists, while upon the shoulders it is repeated with ends that are turned backwards in front to form a pretty finish. Notice should be taken of the belt which is adorned in front by four velvet bows.

Blouses for Christmas Parties.

Though a great many blouses are now being fastened in an ingenious manner in front and at the side, a great many are still fastened down the back, under folds, tucks, or trimming. These bodices are certainly not convenient for the average woman, but they are a great deal more becoming to the majority than those that fasten in the front. They also lend themselves well to the insertion of medallions or pieces of embroidery in the front, which, after all, make such a garment very fascinating.

Apropos of these remarks, take notice of the centre blouse in the picture, a very charming mousseline one made over a lace chemise, with an embroidered lawn bodice beneath, if that term may justly be given to the elegant trimming that will be perceived.

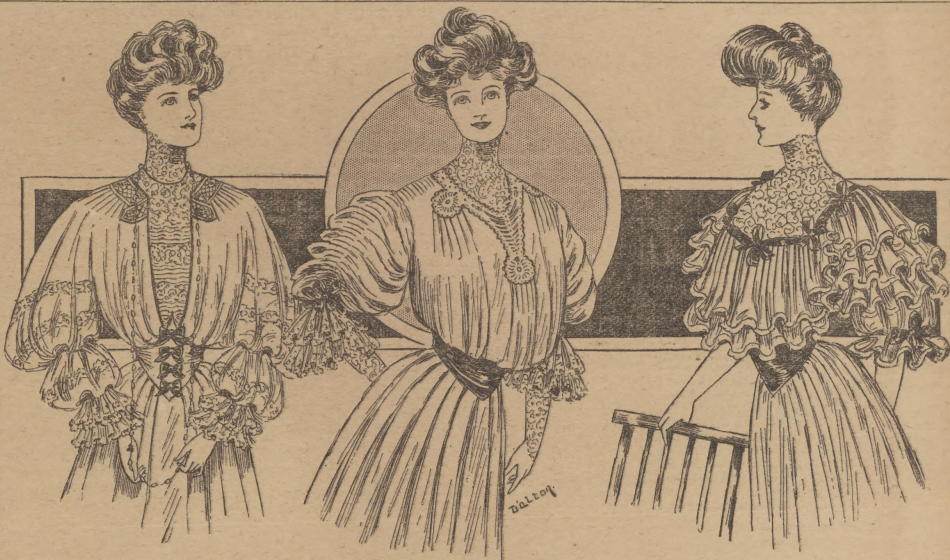
This is just the type of blouse that would be so useful in Christmas week for afternoon parties or for the theatres, to which so many girls now go in

pretty high-necked corsages instead of low ones that are apt to give them cold or to make the wearing of a cloak the whole evening through a necessity. Our theatres are certainly wonderfully

for a slender figure. Beyond the fact that it has a lace yoke, edged very prettily, by the way, with ribbon bows and bars, it is a mass of frills, a couple of which, pleated from the top downwards,

parts. Melt them together, and apply the result to the eyebrows with a camel's hair brush.

For imperfections of the skin try face steaming. Do it at home by applying hot cloths to the face



A trio of elegant bodice models, descriptions of which will be found in the article "Corsages of To-day."

cleverly warmed, but it is chilly work waiting for a conveyance at the front door or walking to the omnibus or train unless one is well wrapped up. The third blouse shows the advantages of frills

form the bodice part, while three, with a puff beneath, make the sum total of the sleeves. A broad ceinture is almost universal with every evening dress, and the more elaborate afternoon ones share the same pretty touch.

until the skin is very warm, but do not scorch or burn it. Now spread the face with sweet, thick cream, if it can be obtained, and let it dry on. Sour milk is good, and buttermilk is still better. After half an hour wash it off.

To make the neck white try lemon-juice and water in equal parts, or cream of cucumbers may be employed. It is made by stewing a cut-up cucumber in half a pint of water, and adding five drops of benzoin to the strained juice.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 10.)

Then they walked together the short distance to the near-by court.

Great attention was, of course, paid by all the officials to the wife of Mr. Justice Gascoyne, who was not only a great judge, but a popular neighbouring landlord. Private doors through round about passages opened mysteriously for them, and they secured their places without having to struggle through the crowd.

Lady Gascoyne's eyes swept the thronged room in a swift, all-embracing glance. Richard Deverill was not there. Gertrude heard her soft stifled breathing as she next proceeded to study the face of Mr. Justice Smith. Then she began to catch the words which he was uttering. She started as she heard the name of Richard Deverill.

"They've not begun?" she whispered to Mordaunt.

"He is charging the grand jury," he answered.

"There they are, over there."

Her ladyship strained forward to hear, but she could not catch every word.

Then she ceased to listen to the voice which seemed to her to have become a kind of droning. She sat back in her seat, thinking now only of one thing—how would Richard Deverill look when he came into the room?

It seemed to her that a long, long time had elapsed when she recalled to herself by some slight commotion in the room. She looked inquiringly at Mordaunt.

"He has finished his charge," said the latter, "and the Grand Jury have retired. There will be a delay now, perhaps of an hour or two—it might be even longer."

A lady leaned over from the seat behind, and greeted Lady Gascoyne with an effusion, properly tempered by the interesting gloom of the occasion.

"I felt I simply must come," she said. "Poor Mr. Deverill—the very last time I saw him was at your house. He came in to dinner. He was frightfully interested. I don't believe he's guilty, do you?"

"Not for a moment," cried Lady Gascoyne, instantly assuming the society manner. "Miss Gascoyne and I are going to witness his triumph."

"Who do you think did it?" cried the tea-drinking and garrulous lady.

"We all think it was that servant. You know everything about it, of course, your husband is a judge. Has the man been found?"

"Not tried yet," cried Mordaunt.

"Depend on it," said the lady, "he's the villain. This is his place to her in, isn't it? I could distinguish that beautiful red robe! I've got a quite startling idea."

So the two ladies chattered on, while Gertrude sat almost contented in her face, while Lady Gascoyne smiled at intervals, and interjected a few words into the streamlet of banal small talk.

law existed which permitted the gagging of such women.

Perhaps, however, for the first time in her life, she served a useful purpose. She kept the thoughts of her listeners from dwelling too insistently on what was before them.

At the end of an hour a slight bustle told its story to Mordaunt.

"The grand jury are coming back," he said, "they have found a true bill."

"How do you know?" asked her ladyship under her breath. She had clung to the hope that everything would be ended in the grand jury room.

"Because they have been out such a short time," answered Mordaunt. "They have only examined enough witnesses to satisfy them that the trial ought to go on."

"A very distinguished-looking man, this Mr. Mordaunt," said the lady behind, leaning over and whispering in Lady Gascoyne's ear. "Is the little rumour true?"

"Yes, he is engaged to my sister-in-law."

"How very interesting for her. Fancy, an old friend in the dock, and her fiancé defending him. Really, it's quite romantic. What's the matter now? What's the Judge doing? How beautiful his wig looks!"

His lordship's face was buried in his hands, which rested on the desk in front of him. There was a commotion in court, and people were running to him. He gathered himself up slowly, painfully, looked about him, gasped, and shook his head. Then, with the assistance of two officials, upon whom he leaned heavily, he left the bench and disappeared into the private chambers behind.

"He's ill," cried Gertrude. "Oh, what will happen now?"

"Perhaps they'll put it off to the next assizes," cried the lady, with an accent of bitter disappointment. She felt chagrined at the possibility of being deprived of her day's excitement.

Lady Gascoyne started violently; instantly she felt Gertrude's hands firmly pressing the back of her own.

"Weeks—months—of delay," she whispered in terror at the thought of agony long drawn out.

"Perhaps the Judge will recover," answered Gertrude.

They waited for something to happen, while the leaden moments dragged on, and then at last the door behind the bench opened.

Mr. Justice Gascoyne entered and took the vacant seat.

Lady Gascoyne's hand gripped Gertrude's. "My God!" she whispered. "Not that—not that. He's going to sit in judgment on Richard Deverill."

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY TALK.

HOW TO CONCOCT SIMPLE COSMETICS

Great care should be taken of the complexion at this season of the year, with the cold winds upon us that are so detrimental to the smooth appearance of the skin. Before going out of doors rub a little witch hazel on the face; let it dry on, then apply a little cold cream, rubbing it into the skin with the finger-tips, and finally dust the face over with a good face-powder.

Wear a veil on very windy days, and when you come in bathe your face with a very soft and delicate cold cream, which can be made easily at home. Take an ounce of mutton tallow and beat it in a double boiler; add to it an equal quantity of white vaseline and an equal amount of the pure oil of almonds, and heat all together, dropping into it about six drops of benzoin. Stir the mixture as it is cooling, then put it into a wide-mouthed jar, and it will be ready to be used upon the face.

For a chapped face use almond cream of milk, and to make this take a lump of white wax as big as half an egg and melt it in two ounces of the oil of almonds, and to it add a tablespoonful of white vaseline. This will make a creamy mixture, any amount of which can be used upon the face, for it can never injure it. The cream will be very soft and delicate, and should be scented with a drop or two of rose essence.

Eyebrows that are thick and ugly can be remedied by being painted every night with a mixture made of red vaseline and olive oil in equal

JAPANESE JAM.

CONCOCTION MADE OF HARICOT BEANS.

The "Table" gives a recipe for a Japanese jam or preserve made of haricot beans, which, though it does not sound very tempting, is said to be excellent. The beans having first been steeped, are then reduced to a paste. To this is added sugar, and then the mixture is boiled till it is a positive syrup, and amalgamated with a jelly made from a certain kind of seaweed. Either the Japanese and Chinese are particularly fortunate in having at their command weeds and birds' nests and animals which are more appetising than their name would imply, or they must have palates less sensitive than those of Westerners. We, for instance, could not stand seaweed mixed with sugar, but perhaps the Japanese seaweed has a flavour wholly different from that to be found about our coasts. We, again, should not fancy a cake made from the gutta-percha plant reduced to flour, but the Japanese have a plant which supplies them with flour from which they make cakes, while its fibres supply them with waterproof coats and doors for their houses. We have none of these useful plants in this country, and if we had it is doubtful whether our digestions would be equal to them.

CHIVERS'

Absolutely Pure, and Free from Adulteration.—Family Doctor.

FLAVOURED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE, First English Fruit Growers' Jam Factory.

JELLIES.

D AND BAD CLUBS IN THE LEAGUE.

field Wednesday's Downfall—
ary's Hopes Raised—Notts
Clubs the Worst.

PROSPECTIVE CHAMPIONS.

field Wednesday have now very little chance
ying out their cherished ambition of winning
ampionship for the third successive season.
rapid downfall after such a successful opening
en phenomenal, and is difficult to understand,
that practically the same players have been
le all along.
heavy defeat at Newcastle was the culminat-
aster, and, granted that the United possess a
above the average, Saturday's result shows
either something wrong in the Wednesday
that the team have struck the bad time
overtakes all champions in any sport at
period or other. Their conquerors on Satur-
day fair to secure the mantle of which the
on club are slowly but surely losing posses-

Record.

castle now hold, and rightly, too, the top
n. The team on Tyneside have now won
matches off the reel, and have scored twenty
against five, figures which speak for them-
Sunderland, who have dropped points with
equal celerity to the Wednesday, again
defeat on Saturday, even though the ex-West
rich custodian, Webb, was in goal.

land have, by the way, made peace with
Rowlandson, a wise thing to do, and the Can-
s promised to step into the breach when
ary. What on earth the Sunderland people
going to fall out with the amateur I cannot
stand, for the temporary severance of the
tion has undoubtedly cost the club dearly.
have at last got rid of the mythical "wooden
" and with the team strengthened by Mulli-
and Simpson the ex-Cupholders should not
g before placing themselves out of all danger
legated to the Second Division. Simp-
I am told, is just the man required for the
forward position, in which Sagar and Swann
been tried in turn. I am afraid, however,
the high opinion held of Simpson is more ap-
the fact that the team won on his first ap-
pe, and further successes will have to come.
I am convinced he is better than his prede-
cessor, Swann.

ham Forest a Puzzle.

outlook at Nottingham is very black in-
though the Forest started every body
oning at Deepdale, the situation in the lace
very serious. The County and Forest Clubs
the worst records in the League. I am at a
ete loss when it comes to explaining the poor
of the Forest, for on paper the team, except
ly at half-back, is good enough for any-

County from the beginning of the season
ever been a good side. Both defence and
want strengthening badly, and if this is
one, and immediately, the old club may find
back in the company which it left in 1897.
since the date mentioned has Notts County
such a heavy defeat at Trent Bridge as
dictated by the merry men of Plumstead.
er going through seven matches out of nine
at having their defence beaten, Derby County
an awful cropper at Manchester, and had the
forwards used their brains with the facility
used their feet a record might have been
d. It is to me extraordinary how talented
fail to circumvent the obnoxious one-back

bul Leading Scorer.

ook the Manchester City forwards half an hour
match in question before they found a method
getting offside. Turnbull, the talented little
half, now heads the list of goal-scorers in
league, for he obtained four on Saturday.
a modest youngster has been one of the best
for a few years. He is as deadly as Bloomer
goal, and, considering his lack of inches, gets
and to the ball in wonderful fashion. There
are improbable things that his being chosen
coland this season. He certainly deserves a
in the Anglo-Scottish team.

holiday matches this week-end are more
usually interesting, and the pick of the bunch
meeting of Sunderland and Newcastle United
ker Park. If the home team win it will make
ampionship question more interesting than
but the United are playing in such brilliant
that I shall be much surprised if they bow
to their great Northern rivals. Other
es which will also have a bearing on the same
are those at Hyde-road and Plumstead re-
sively.

orton are quite convinced that they have an
ent chance of gaining the coveted flag, but
will have to be bang at the top of their form
to defeat the National Cupholders, a remark
applies to Sheffield United against Woolwich
l.
meeting of Manchester United and Liverpool,
yton, will have an important bearing on the
on of promotion, and whichever side wins
e booked for the First League.

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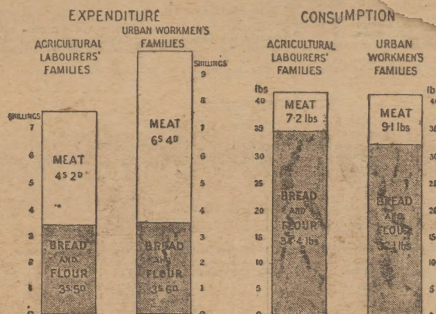
"Daily Mail" YEAR BOOK.

WORKMEN'S FOOD BILLS.

281

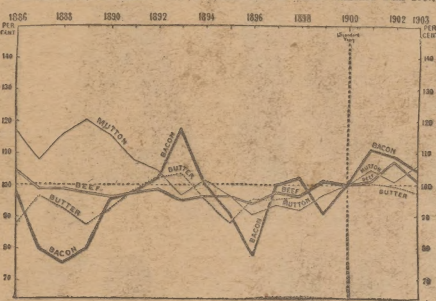
WORKMEN'S EXPENDITURE ON FOOD.

This Diagram shows the Weekly Expenditure on all the Consumption of Meat (beef, mutton, pork, and bacon), and Bread and Flour of (1) Agricultural Labourers' Families and (2) Urban Workmen's Families.



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NEWCASTLE: Waddington & Sons, 3, St. Nicholas' Buildings.
MANCHESTER: Messrs. Harrop, 21, Dale Street; Waddington and Sons, 52, Bridge Street; Hibbs, Ltd., 725-8, Ashton Old Road.
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